THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXX—No. 1036

OCTOBER 10, 1923

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

NEW COMPETITION—£500 IN PRIZES

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped

20 for 1/6

Also 50's & 100's.

The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe

Spinet The SUPER Mixture

2/2 per 2oz. in enamelled pocket tins.

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

HORROCKSES FAST COLOURS

Regd. Trade Mark.

LOOK for the Leopard Mark when buying shirts.

This tab guarantees the quality and colour fastness of

HORROCKSES FAST COLOUR SHIRTINGS

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GUARANTEED DOUBLE-WEAR FOOTWEAR

Set your heart on having "Dri-ped" Soled Footwear—and save pounds a year on footwear bills through the guaranteed double-wear of the world's best sole leather.

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Look for the "Dri-ped" purple diamonds DRI-PED REG'D *stamped every few inches on each sole.*

555 VIRGINIA

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CIGARETTES

Made by hand—one at a time.

444 TURKISH

Only One in Five Is Safe

Forhan's Guards the Teeth —and Health

Just before Pyorrhea strikes—to undermine the teeth and health, kindly Nature sends a warning; the gums are tender and bleed easily.

Take heed immediately, before it is too late, before the gums recede and the loosened teeth have to be extracted.

Better still, be on the safe side. Don't wait for Nature's warning. Brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's For the Gums.

Four persons out of every five over forty, and thousands younger, are afflicted with Pyorrhea, but this healing dentifrice, if used in time and used consistently, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress, will keep your teeth clean, your gums firm, your mouth healthy. Economical to use—get it at all chemists.

FREE *Liberal One Week Trial Tube sent free on request*

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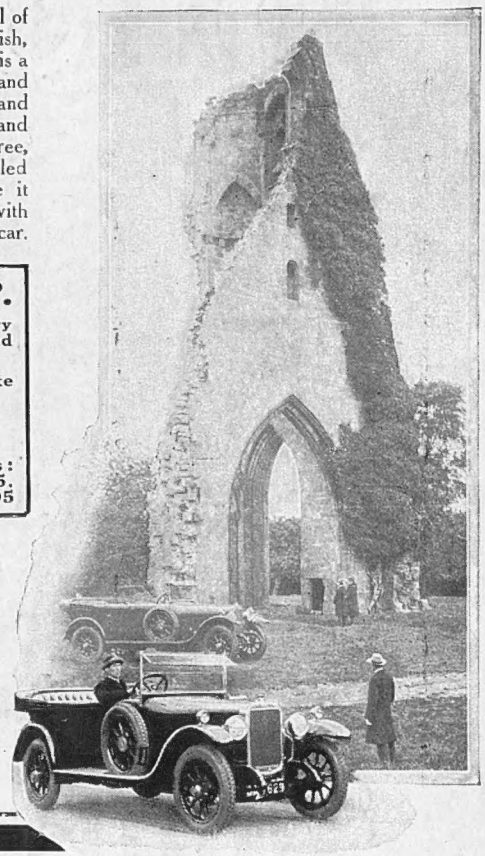
Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a Tooth paste —it checks Pyorrhea

THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM

From the smallest detail of design to its exquisite finish, the 16/40 h.p. Sunbeam is a superb car. A speedy and flexible engine, roomy and comfortable coachwork, and reliable to the highest degree, it is a car of unrivalled quality. And in value it challenges comparison with any really *high-grade* car.

16/40 H.P.
Four-cylinder: very latest type overhead valve engine.
Five-seater. Complete Equipment.
£795
Other Touring Models: 14 h.p. £650 & £685. 24/60 h.p. 6 cyl. £1295



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FURNITURE, exceptionally fine modern, also **GENUINE ANTIQUES** and **WORKS OF ART**
including draperies, carpets, etc.

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Valuable collection of statuary, marble figures, also bronzes, FRENCH CHINA DESSERT SETS COMPLETE at 2 guineas.

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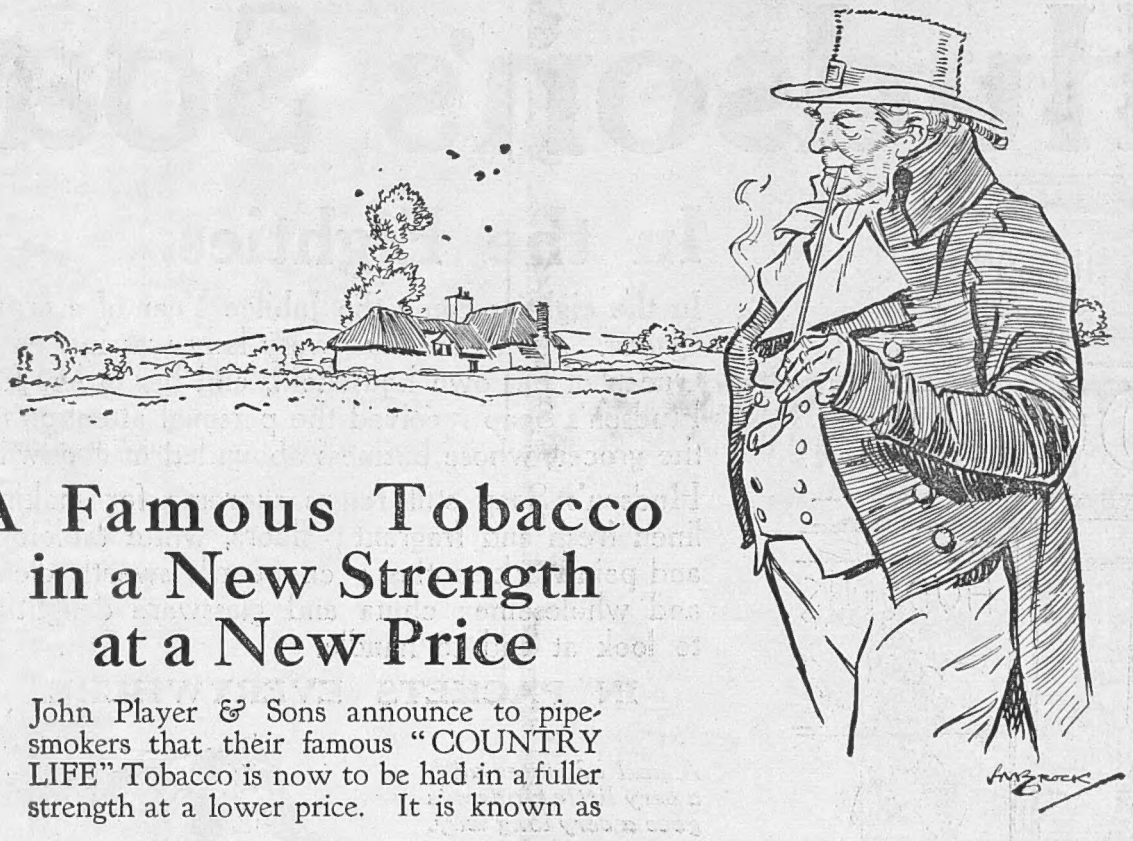
'Buses No. 4, 19, 30 and 43 pass our door.
Goods delivered to any part.

By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.



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PRICE **10½d** *PER OZ.*

The original "COUNTRY LIFE" Tobacco (Mild or Medium) is still sold at 1s. per oz. Smokers who are looking for a tobacco of really high standard at the lowest price should be careful to ask for *White Label* "COUNTRY LIFE," which

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"Country Life" Cigarettes
Pure Virginia
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Player's "Country Life"

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In the Eighties.

In the eighties came the Jubilee Year of a great Queen. In those days every lady was indeed a Queen of her own household, and her orders for Hudson's Soap received the personal attention of the grocer, whose business abounded in goodwill.

Hudson's Soap still reigns supreme for making linen fresh and fragrant; floors, white tabletops and paintwork spotless; cupboards sweetly clean and wholesome; china and glassware delightful to look at and to handle.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

A pail of water with a very little Hudson's goes a very long way.

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SELF-ADJUSTING

CORSETS FOR FULL FIGURES

'ABDO' MODEL 234

White or Pink Coutil Corset. Elastic across front, low fitting model round top.

Waist sizes up to 40 inches 22/11

Also in Black with Pink **35/6**

These Swan & Edgar 'Abdo' Corsets are made to expert design to yield the maximum of comfort to the full figure. Madame D'Origny, Swan & Edgar's Corset Specialist, will gladly give advice on any Corset problem free. If you cannot possibly call, ask for a selection of 'Abdo' Corsets to be sent on approval. The perfect fitting Corset of exceptional durability, for large hips.

Write for a copy of the new Corset Book, a beautifully illustrated Brochure, which contains a full range of Models, suitable for every possible figure.

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Snug and restful for travel wear, burdenless and limb-free for walking. Decorous for town . . . practical for country wear. £8.8.0 Single-breasted. £9.9.0 double breasted, (*as illustrated*). Ladies' coats same prices.

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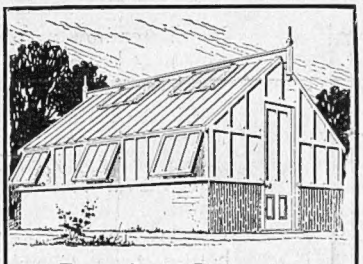

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Write for Catalogue No. 83, illustrating the above, also Motor Houses, Portable Buildings, etc. For Catalogue of Bungalows, ask for No. 101, also List of "Cottabunga"—our world-famed cottage home.

BROWNE & LILLY, Ltd.,
Manufacturers and Exporters,
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Scotch Tweeds

—surpass all previous stocks in beauty of effects and shades. For Sports Suits and Costumes these Tweeds are, beyond dispute, the proper thing and the ONLY thing.

PLEASE NOTE that in Sports Tailoring for Ladies and Gentlemen we excel in style, cut and finish. Patterns, self-measuring forms and sketches, post free to anywhere. Fit is positively guaranteed.

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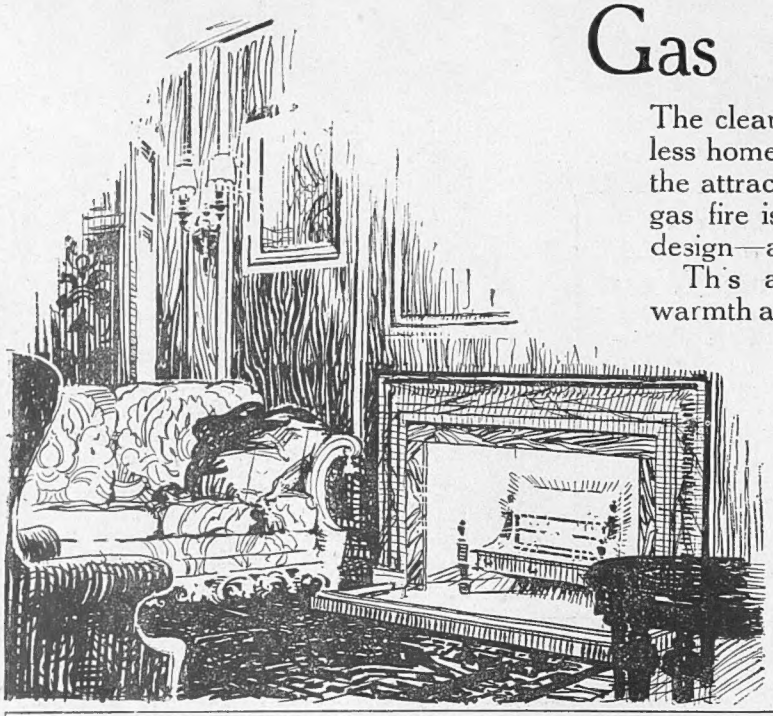
Gas Fire Beauty



The cleanliness of gas fires means a spotless home. That is the first essential for the attractive living room. The modern gas fire is, besides, a triumph of artistic design—an object of beauty in itself. . . .

This and its ever-ready, cheering warmth are the secret of Gas Fire Comfort.

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Will make a strong appeal to those who like a whisky with all the Highland Malt it can carry.

As supplied to H.M. Government.

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No matter how unruly and troublesome your hair may be, ANZORA will surely control it and keep it neat throughout the day.

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MASTERS THE HAIR

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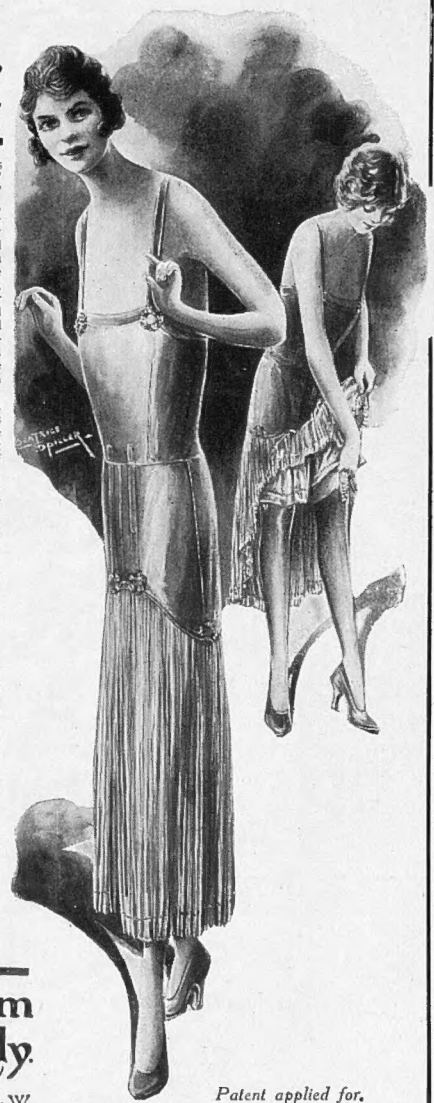
"THE SECRET OF SLENDERNESS"

THE NEW "CORSLO" SILHOUETTE



Fashion insists on slenderness this season, and as the "Corslo" Silhouette is the most "slimming" thing that has ever been produced, it is a necessity for every up-to-date woman. For this supremely comfortable garment combines all the necessary undergarments in one, and instead of a separate chemise and knickers and corset, and princess petticoat, with their double sets of shoulder straps and their fourfold thickness of material at the waist—the "Corslo" Silhouette, which slips on, and is adjusted in a moment, just moulds the figure in a single supple softness of satin or tricot. It fastens at the back, under a concealing overflap, and two central and short whalebones give straightness to the front, while cleverly placed suspenders support the stockings. The petticoat part of crepe de Chine is laundry pleated, and as those whalebones are removable, and easily replaced (without any unstitching or resewing), the "Corslo" Silhouette can be washed like ordinary underwear, while the inner knickers, being detachable, can be changed as often as desired. It is indispensable for trousseaux and tropical outfits.

THE "CORSLO" SILHOUETTE (as sketch), bust bodice, hip belt, Jupon, and Pantalon combined, top part of best quality double satin, the skirt and knickers of heavy laundry pleated crepe de Chine, pantalons detachable for washing, and boned with two steels in front to support the figure, buttoned at the back; the two pairs of suspenders attached to the garment are hidden by the knickers. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips.

8 Gns.

Also in Cotton tricot 4½ Gns.

Sent on approval.

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EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY'S WEAR

A. 105. Evening Gown of Moire Silk, with pearl and diamante ornament at side. Colours: lemon, mauve, hyacinth, rose, cyclamen, apricot, also ivory and black.

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NEW BUILDING.

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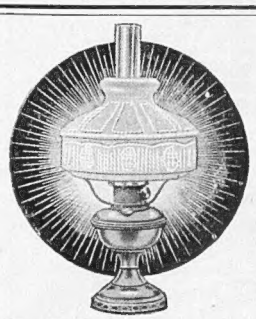

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Aladdin Mantle Lamps offered on 10 days' FREE TRIAL

So that you may see what a wonderful light the Aladdin is, we will send you a Lamp for 10 days' free trial. If you are not completely satisfied after 10 days' use that it is far and away the best light you have ever seen, you can send it back to us.

The Aladdin burns common paraffin. It radiates 80 candle-power white light. No smoke or smell. No pumping up—cannot explode. Simple to use, nothing to get out of order. Proved to cost less than ½d. an hour.

All Styles of Lamps for Cottage or Mansion

Aladdin MANTLE LAMPS

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The "Ashcroft" *Boiler.*

This Boiler is very suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

Size of Boiler	To Heat 4in. Pipe	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
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„ 4 16in. x 12in.	120ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£7 14 4
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„ 7 16in. x 30in.	240ft.	1¼in.	5in	£14 11 4

GREENHOUSE.	ft in. ft in. ft in.	GARAGE.	ft in. ft in. ft in.
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	No 1 Boiler	20 0 x 20 0 x 10
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Or same cubical contents.

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There are marks—and marks.

The mark by which you choose your underwear—is it to be depended on or is it even as those other marks—worth nothing?

Much German underwear now being dumped into this country bears no mark at all.

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Character is not born that way, *confidence* not earned that way, *value* not bred that way, *satisfaction* not won that way.

Behind the Wolsey Mark stand the largest makers of pure wool Underwear in this or any other country, and a reputation known across the world.

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WOLSEY

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

The Best the World Produces

Every Wolsey garment is sold as UNSHRINKABLE, and any garment proving otherwise in wash or wear will be replaced free.

WOLSEY LTD LEICESTER

Quality! Quality! and yet again——————QUALITY!

OYEZ! OYEZ!

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BE it known that all sellers of sweets do now stock and supply a toffee of old fashioned character made according to an old time recipe and being exceedingly pleasant to taste.

KNOW then by these presents that this new sweetmeat is a worthy addition to the famous Mackintosh's Toffees de Luxe—in which good people of all ages find unending satisfaction.

Ask at ye sweetshoppe this day for—

Mackintosh's OLD ENGLISH Toffee de Luxe

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Made by John Mackintosh & Sons, Ltd., HALIFAX.

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The fine fragrance of Three Nuns commends this good tobacco not only to the smoker but to those in his company. Each circlet of which Three Nuns is composed is in itself a perfect blend of the choicest growths, thus ensuring that every whiff of every pipeful gives the same pleasure to the senses.

This "curious cut" also induces coolness in the smoking and complete freedom from dust.

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CIGARETTES
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10 *for* 6D.

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The finest the world produces.

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500 pairs All Pure Wool, of excellent quality, with a nicely raised surface. Blue Borders. Light and warm. Single Bed Size only. **SPECIAL PRICE**

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Write *NOW* while the subject is in your mind—you will be glad to have done so.

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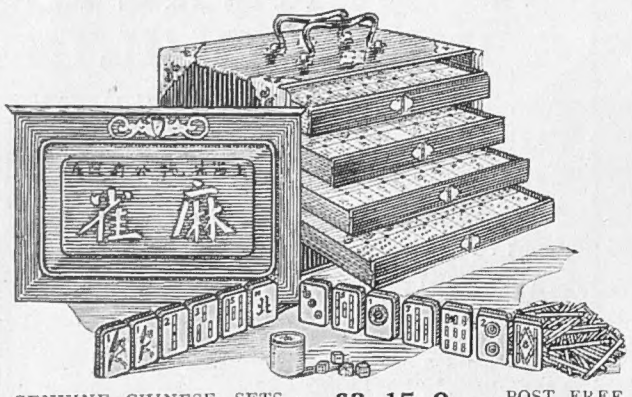

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"HOW TO PLAY MAH-JONGG" by Jean Bray **7/6** post free.

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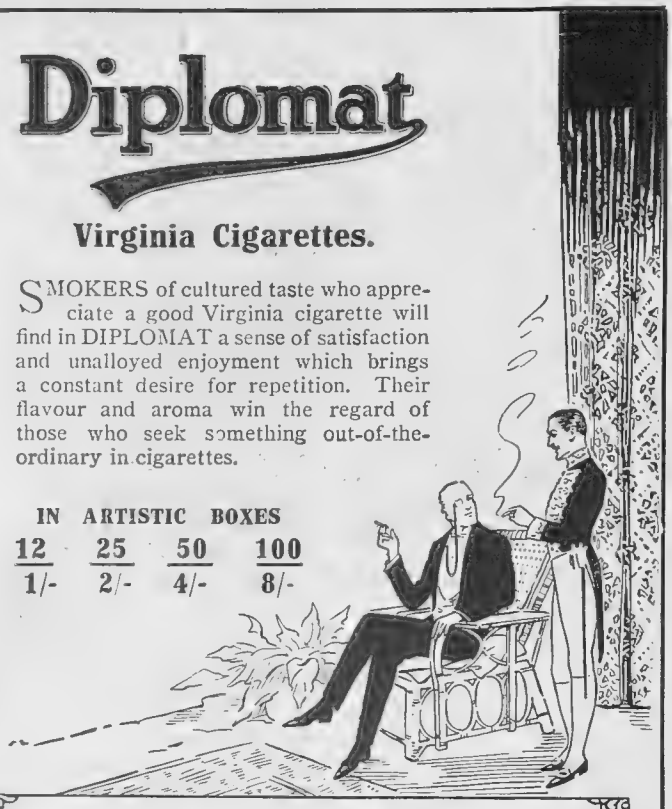

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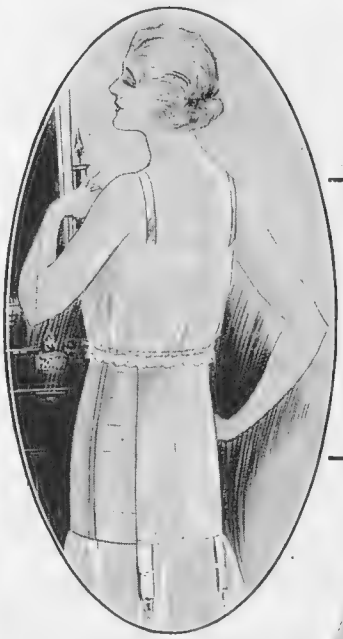

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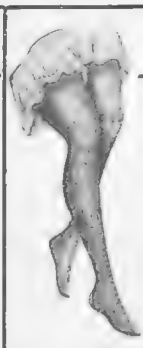

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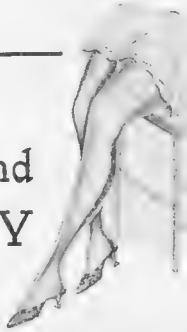

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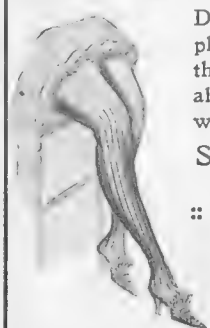

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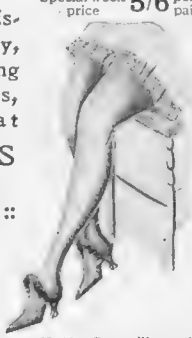

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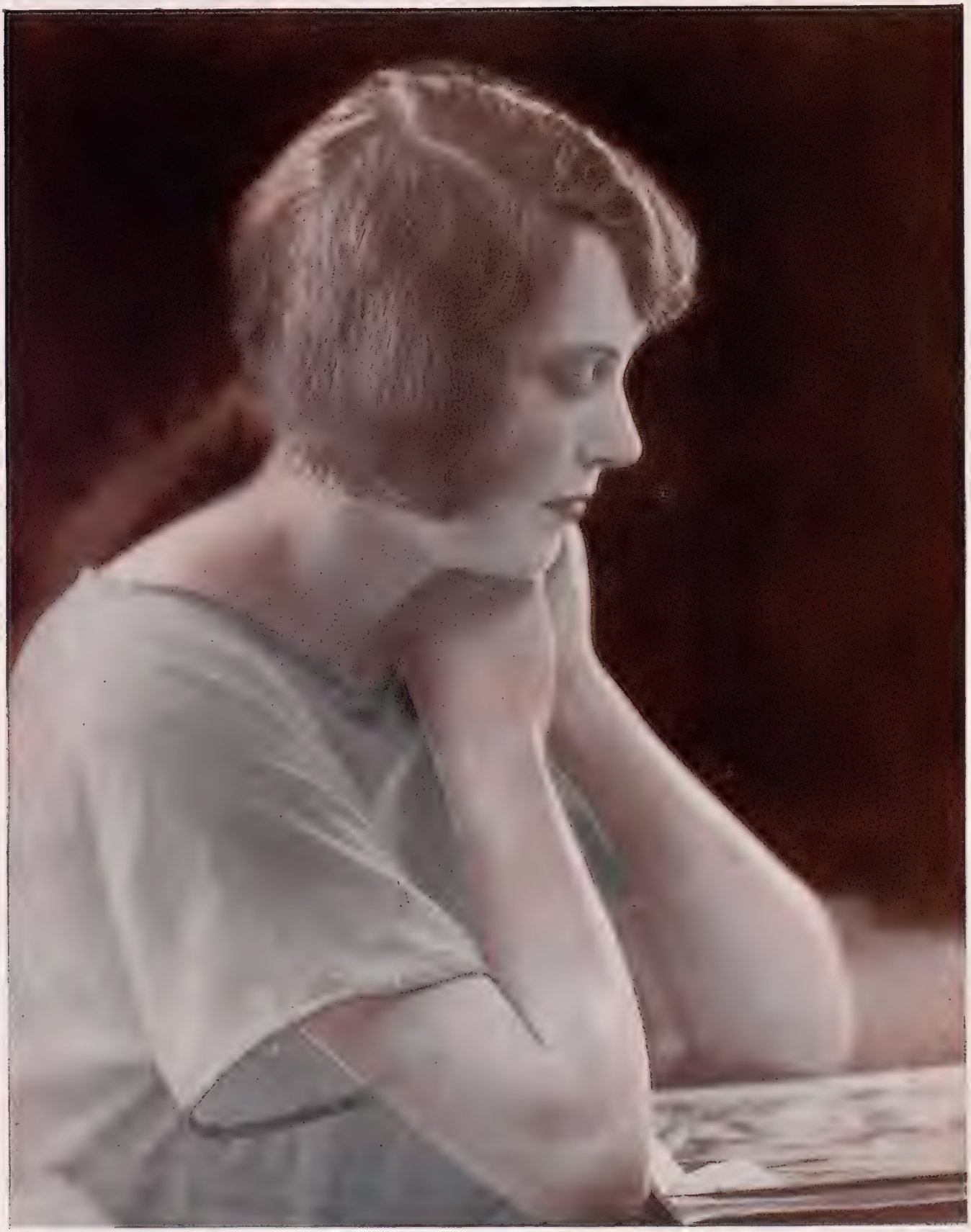

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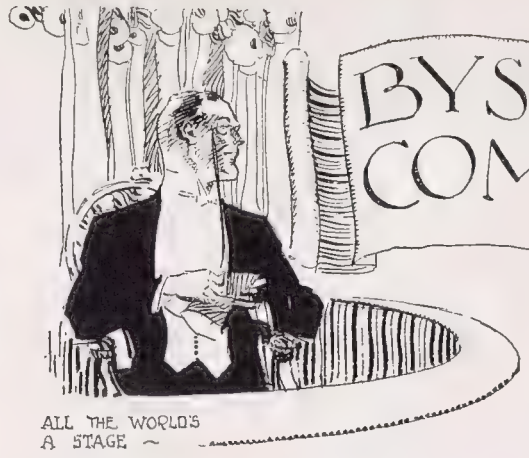
THE HON. BARBARA FRANKLAND

The seventeen-year-old daughter of Sir Frederick Frankland, the tenth baronet. Miss Frankland, who comes of an old Yorkshire family, the second baronet having married a daughter of Sir John Russell, by Frances, a daughter of Cromwell, was presented at Court last season

BY E. T. REED

ONE OF THE "DON'T-CARE-A-SIOUX" TRIBE

PRIME MINISTER BALDWIN: "Wonder what they'd call *me*? 'Little-Big-Chief Tongue-not-Wagging' or 'Let-'em-Dashed-Well-Find-Out' wouldn't be so bad. No 'Babbling-Torrents' for *me*, thank you!"



BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A Chat about Theatres

WE are going to have a little chat about the theatres. I warn you, so that you can have an early opportunity to turn to the pictures if you don't happen to be interested. The revival of interest in the theatres is the most significant feature in the life of London to-day. For several years we have groaned about the decadence of the modern stage. We have discussed it in terms of ruin and despair. We have told each other that the drama was dead, and that acting was a lost art. It was all very depressing.

Going Strong

AND now the inevitable reaction has arrived. The public are flocking to the theatres, and with good reason. *Hassan* is the finest poetic play we have had for years. *The Green Goddess* is the finest melodrama we have had for years. *Catherine* is the best musical romance we have had for years. Three admirable intimate revues are playing to full houses, and the Co-Optimists are back again. The stage has got its second wind, and is going strong!

The Country Parson

AT the recent Church Congress, one of the speakers remarked that the lot of the country parson, like that of the policeman, was not a happy one, because he had to find a weekly message to suit all sections of a very varied congregation, ranging from the occupants of the manor pew to the carter's boy in the back seat under the belfry.

Save Your Sympathy

THERE is no little truth in the saying, but when I said as much to a well-known dramatist, he looked at me sadly and expressed the wish that he might change places with the object of my concern. "Save your sympathy," he said, "for the wretched fellow who is expected to please with the same scene or the same song the stalls and the pit, the dress circle and the gallery. What other professional man is so severely tried as the dramatic author who has to spread the same wares before the patron of the early door and the late arrival in the Rolls-Royce car?"

A Common Mistake

AT first blush, the dramatist's argument seemed plausible enough, but he was making the rather common mistake of supposing that brains and money go hand in hand. If all rich people were clever, and all poor people were fools, it would be ridiculous to expect the stalls and the gallery to appreciate the same play, but this isn't the case. Taste is the criterion in the theatre, and money is merely an accident. A man needn't have fourteen-and-six to appreciate Barrie, and he needn't live in Lambeth to love a Lyceum melodrama. If an author is true to himself, he will find an audience to fill all parts of the house.

What the Public Wants

"To thine own self be true" is a nice, comfortable doctrine, but the trouble is that many people have no self to which to be true. There are managers who think so much of their audience that they forget to think of their play. They are so obsessed by the old, old tag, "What the Public Wants," that they end by giving the public the one thing it doesn't want, and pay the inevitable financial penalty.

Success Breeds Success

HOWEVER, the present theatre boom proves that the managers are learning their lesson. It proves, also, that the public have reached the discriminating stage when they know what they want. Furthermore, it proves that success

(*Continued on page 97*)

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540) TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
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ADELPHI, Strand. ('Phones 2645 & 8826 Gerrard). NIGHTLY at 8.30
MATINÉES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.
"HEAD OVER HEELS." A Musical Comedy.
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MARGARET BANNERMAN. CONSTANCE COLLIER. MARION TERRY.
ALFRED DRAYTON. REGINALD OWEN. RONALD SQUIRE.

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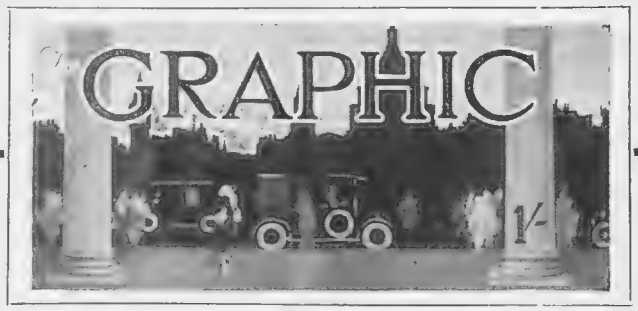

OCTOBER 13, 1923,
will contain many interesting features, including
OFF TO THE HIGHLANDS OF SUSSEX
MR. KIPLING AT HOME
By R. Thurston Hopkins.
WOMEN AS DEER-STALKERS
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

breeds success. Members of the theatrical profession are apt to pray for the failure of every production but their own. They dream of the day when every West End theatre but one will be closed, and, in this, they are their own worst enemies. And when they come in for a little criticism themselves, how they do squeal, to be sure!

A Sign of the Times

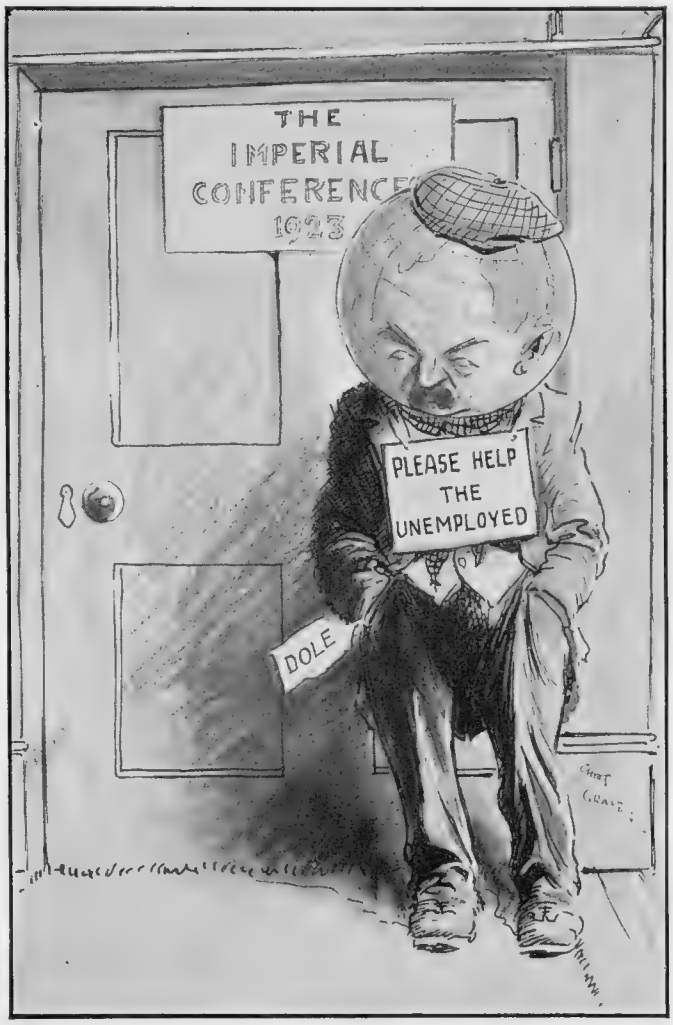
THE fact that London's new Lord Mayor is an enthusiastic "first-nighter," calls attention to the curious things that have been happening at theatrical *premières* during the past few weeks. As in the old days, enthusiasts have been sitting up all night in order to get a front seat for the first production of a play. This happened at the Gaiety and again at Drury Lane. It is a sign of the times. It proves that the theatre has again come into its own.

Grateful Gods

ANOTHER point is that the epidemic of "booing" has subsided. Whether the boys and girls in the gallery became self-conscious after attracting so much attention, or whether Andre Charlot's plucky stand had something to do with it, I can't say, but peace has reigned in the upper regions for quite a while. Let us suppose that the managers have been giving us better plays, and that the "gods" are grateful.

Cant and Humbug

THE remark of a magistrate that he was sending a youth to prison with a view to "making a man of him" leaves me cold. How long has prison been a kindergarten? I don't believe that prison would make a man of anyone. If the boy has got to go to prison, to prison he must go, but don't let us have a lot of cant and humbug about "making a man of him." The exact opposite is so much more likely to be the case.



By Charles Grave

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS!"

Ghouls in Court

MOST of us will agree with the *Law Journal* that the time has come to discourage the attendance of idle sightseers at sensational trials. Should the most important criminal court in the country be reduced to the level of a cinema? There can be but one answer to such a question, but it will be a little difficult to put the new idea into effect. The best we can hope to do is to create a public feeling that shall react upon these ghoulish folk.

A Picturesque Fraud

THE old Spanish Prisoner fake seems to have been exploded at last, for the Barcelona police claim to have laid the gang by the heels. Incredible that such an obvious swindle could flourish in these days of education, and in spite of constant exposures in the public Press. But there is no plumbing the depths of human credulity—especially when easy money is the attractive bait behind which the hook is concealed. I regret the passing of the Spanish Prisoner, for he was a picturesque fraud.

A Wretched Business

HOW much longer are we to endure the iniquities of the panel system? The wretched business "drags its slow length along," but signs are not wanting that everyone is heartily sick of it. The doctors dislike it; the panel patients feel that they are being pauperised, and the climax was reached a few days ago when a professional man was fined £10 for "neglecting to obey" a night call. The whole thing is demoralising and degrading. Let us have done with it!

A Ghoulish Game

WE are promised a new play by Oscar Wilde—not a posthumous work written secretly at Berneval or in Paris, but a new and original production coming red-hot from the spirit world. I foresee an entertaining lawsuit when the descendants of the dramatist try to establish their claim for royalties—assuming, of course, that a manager is found to take a hand in the ghoulish game.

The Filming of "Kim"

I WISH I could have been a fly on the ceiling of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's study at Burwash when he agreed to the filming of *Kim*. I am assuming, of course, that Miss Maude Adams, who succeeded where so many had failed, succeeded, also, in penetrating that holy of holies. I don't go to the fillums as a rule, but I am determined to see the screen pictures of the Great Road, which are to be taken on the spot, and will, I am quite sure, be wonderful to behold.

Hunting in the Arctic

MR. F. G. BINNEY has been contributing to the *Graphic* an interesting account of the experiences of the Merton College Expedition to Spitzbergen, of which he was the leader. It was part of the plans to do some "shooting for the pot," and a walrus, a bear and many seals were secured in Ulve Bay. The walrus is exceedingly shy and wary, but, like all Arctic creatures, is curious. One which appeared between the boats only to vanish again, was caught later on in exactly the same spot.

Our Most Popular Actor

IF anyone asked me to name our most popular actor of to-day I might well hesitate some time before replying, such is the *embarras de richesses* in this line. However, the point will be definitely solved by THE BYSTANDER readers themselves in the new competition, the details of which are given on page 143 of this issue.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph G. P. U.

ALL SMILES

Capt. Arthur Critchley, D.S.O., and his bride, the Hon. Gladys Waring, only daughter of Lord and Lady Waring, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Capt. Critchley is A.D.C. to Field-Marshal Lord Allenby

Photographs G. P. U.

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Lord Leigh leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after his marriage to Miss Marie Campbell. Lord Leigh, who is the third Baron, is Lord Lieutenant for the County of Warwickshire

Photograph Hay Wrightson

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. G. C. Russell, M.C., and his bride, Miss Barbara Reynolds, whose marriage took place recently at Brompton Oratory. The bride is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir James Reynolds, D.S.O., and Lady Reynolds

The Return of the Court

THE King and Queen's holiday at Balmoral ended this week, and their Majesties have returned to Buckingham Palace, where they will remain for about a month before they go to York Cottage. During that time there will be two Royal weddings—that of the Crown Prince of Sweden to Lady Louise Mountbatten and, if the present arrangements hold good, that of Princess Maud of Fife to Lord Carnegie.

There has been a steady procession of guests at Balmoral, and each Sunday all the members of the Royal family have driven over to Mar Lodge to luncheon with the Princess Royal after morning service at Crathie.

The King of Sweden

THE two weddings will mean much entertaining at Buckingham Palace. For the Swedish marriage, the King of Sweden will be the guest of the King and Queen for the first time since his accession to the throne.

King Gustav is the only direct descendant of a monarch created by Napoleon who is now a reigning Sovereign. Jean-Baptiste Bernadotte was of peasant origin, but, like Joachim Murat, King of Naples, and others of Napoleon's generals, when he entered the army as a foot-soldier "carried a Marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack." He rose to be a Marshal of France, and Prince and Duke of Pontecorvo. Under pressure from Napoleon, he was elected Prince Royal of Sweden and adopted by the last Sovereign of the house of Holstein-Gottorp, Charles XIII, whom he succeeded as King of Norway and Sweden. The union of the two countries, however, only lasted for ninety years. In 1905 Norway desired her independence, and the late King Oscar renounced the crown, which was offered to the then Prince Charles of Denmark, who had married King George's younger sister, Princess Maud.

Earl Winterton, M.P.

LORD WINTERTON has long been regarded as a confirmed bachelor. The announcement of his engagement to the Hon. Monica Wilson, Lord Nunburnholme's daughter, has, therefore, come as a surprise.

When he entered the House of Commons as Viscount Turnour, Lord Winterton was known as "The Baby of the House." For the last nineteen years he has represented the Horsham Division of Sussex in the Commons. His peerage is Irish, and, therefore, he has no hereditary seat in the Lords.

Lord Winterton is one of the few instances of an earl having the letters "M.P." after his name. He succeeded his father when he was twenty-four, and is now forty. Miss Wilson, whose mother was a daughter of Lord Lincolnshire, is twenty-one.

A Princely Inheritance

A THIRD son has just been born to Lady Violet Astor, the wife of Lord Astor's brother, the Hon. John Astor. When she married Mr. Astor, Lady Violet was the widow of Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne, second son of Lord Lansdowne, who was killed in the first year of the War. Lord Charles took the name of Mercer-Nairne when his father settled upon him the property he had inherited from his own mother, who was Baroness Nairne in her own right.

Part of the inheritance to which Mr. Astor succeeded on the death of his father, Viscount Astor, was Hever Castle, in Kent, a house and estate upon which prodigious sums of money had been spent.

A Royal Courting Ground

HEVER was one of the residences of Anne Boleyn's father, and tradition has it that Henry VIII wooed the lady there. It was a small Tudor castle surrounded by a moat, and for years had been used as a farmhouse when Sir Guy Sebright saw it. He and Lady Sebright fell in love with the place, and restored it with great skill and pains to what it had been in its Boleyn days.

By the merest chance the late Viscount Astor saw Hever just when the work of restoration was completed. He, too, fell in love with it, and made an offer too tempting to be refused. But he made a new Hever.

A Magician's Wand

I FORGET how many hundreds of workmen were employed, but for two or three years the land immediately round Hever looked as if a graving dock were being built. First a small river was dammed, and a vast lake was made, with porticoes and terraces on the shore. Then a great garden was laid out in the Italian manner with pergolas, precious marbles and statuary. And lastly, as it was impossible to add on to the Castle without destroying its architectural character, a Tudor village was built on the other side of the moat.

THE GROUSE, OH! WHERE ARE THEY?

Lord Inverclyde and the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Corbett enjoying a rest between the drives whilst grouse-shooting on the Rosneath Peninsula, Dumbartonshire. No doubt the "loaders" are sufficiently near to take their place in the picture the moment the necessity arises

A DAY'S CUBBING

Lady Marie Fitzmaurice and Mrs. John Rowe fill in a wait with a little talk—small, or otherwise—whilst out for a day's cubbing with the Whaddon Chase at Aston Abbots

It was just as if an *Arabian Nights* magician had waved his wand.

When you are in the Castle you have no suggestion of this village. The seeming cottages are actually guests' bedrooms, with a broad corridor running down the centre. The late Lord Astor had a passion for the Italian Renaissance in domestic decoration. This passion led to a good many solecisms in his treatment of the interior of Hever. The gallery, for instance, in which Henry VIII is said to have played bowls, had a simple barrel-roof. Lord Astor decorated this with elaborate plaster work and hanging pendants. The effect was to bring the roof down on one's head and destroy the fine proportions of the gallery: the old Tudor builders knew better than Lord Astor. All over the Castle, with the exception of the big dining-hall, the old plain Tudor woodwork, so faithfully restored by Sir Guy and Lady Sebright, was replaced by the elaborate floriated carving of the Italian Renaissance.

ON THE QUI VIVE

Miss Yule caught by the camera-man at a meet of the Old Berkeley Foxhounds at Barnes Farm, Shendish. Her mount evidently considers that business is afoot

Photographs *Sport and General*

WITH THE WHADDON CHASE

Watching hounds at work during a meet of the Whaddon Chase at Aston Abbots, Berks. The group includes Miss Gates, mounted on horse, whilst the rest of the party, who are mounted on "shanks's pony" comprises: The Misses Gates, Mrs. H. Goodburn, Mrs. Sydney Steel, Mrs. H. Roberts and Miss D. Harris

Rules for Guests

IN the late Lord Astor's time all his guests slept in the rooms of the Tudor village. And he told them when he wanted to go to bed. He alone slept in the Castle

Photograph *Sport and General*

A RAINY START

Followers of the New Forest Beagles who defied the rain to be present at the opening meet at Lyndhurst. The group includes: (left) Miss Timson, Mrs. Southern, the Misses Bushman and Mr. Bushman

Photograph *Alfieri*

NOT POINTING OUR WAY!

Lord Burnham, and formidable-looking gun, at the Beds and Bucks Retriever Trials held at Shardeloes

proper, guarded by his servant and a night-watchman. The Castle was shut off from the rest of the house by an iron grille—which used to be drawn across what is actually a bridge over the moat, but which looks like part of the corridor I have mentioned above—immediately the host had bidden his guests good-night.

The late Lady Archibald Campbell, staying once at Hever, was much annoyed at being told when she was to go to bed. As she passed to the bridge through the half-closed grille—it was exactly like a lift gate at a Tube station—she said:

"Dear Mr. Astor, how uncomfortable it is to be so very rich — for other people!"

But I think it must have been uncomfortable for Lord Astor, too, "to be so very rich." There was always at least one detective, disguised as a butler, in the dining-hall, and visitors arriving by motor were only admitted at the entrance gate after their names had been telephoned to the house and verified.

Twenty guests were invited for the week-end parties, and not one of them was ever allowed to go outside the front gate. When near neighbours were bidden to one of these parties, their chauffeurs had to stay at Hever for the period of their masters' visit, although they might only live a few miles away.

Hever's Former Owners

Sir Guy Sebright's only son, Ivo Sebright, died shortly after the sale of Hever, leaving a widow, who is now Lady Terrington. The ultimate heir to the Sebright baronetcy, which dates from the time of Charles I, is Sir Guy's nephew, Mr. Giles Sebright, whose engagement has just been announced. Sir Edgar Sebright, whom Sir Guy succeeded six years ago, was equerry for many years to Queen Mary's mother, the Duchess of Teck.

Photograph *J. C. H. Balmain*

WHERE DID THAT ONE GO TO?

The Earl of Drogheda, the Hon. Donald Erskine and Capt. Greer watching the result of a drive by some player who has unfortunately kept out of the photo. The scene of action is North Berwick

Photograph *Topical*

THE TICHBORNE PARK SHOOT

Some of the party at the recent shoot at Tichborne Park. The group includes: (standing on left) the Hon. Lois Sturt, Colonel Sneyd, Lady Tichborne, Mrs. Loder, Colonel Loder, Mr. E. Starkie, Rev. A. P. Lion, Capt. Phillipson, and Mr. W. J. Marsham. Seated (left) Sir Joseph Tichborne, Lady Hawtrey and Capt. Drummond

Photograph *Alfieri*

BEAGLERS ALL IN A ROW

Four followers of the Brighton Beagles at the opening meet which was held at West Blatchington. The "mounted escort" includes Mr. Rivers, (left), Mr. Wood, Mrs. Munroe and Miss Williams

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE BITER BIT!

Our photographer caught Miss Molly Ramsden (right) before she had time to turn her camera-fire on to other followers of the Brighton Beagles. With her is Miss M. Covell

King Pheasant

ALTHOUGH according to the protocol pheasant-shooting begins with October, big shoots are out of the question until the leaves have fallen from the trees. This year the copses and spinneys are remaining obstinately green, and in many places there is no sign of autumn at all. But the equinoctial gales have yet to come, and when they have bared the trees the driven pheasants will have to face the line of guns carefully placed round woods and plantations.

The season promises well. The *battue*, happily, has passed out of fashion, and I, for one, hope it will never return, but I hear that the demand for pheasants' eggs this year has been so large that it has far exceeded the supply. This means that more pheasants have been reared than in any year since the War, and that there will be bigger bags, which is very pleasant for everybody.

Pheasant-shootings, too, are almost well, and this year, I believe, there are more syndicates than ever.

An Old Scandal

THE death of Count Mattatich closes a Royal scandal which almost turned the Courts of Vienna and Brussels upside down.

Princess Louise of Belgium, the daughter of the late King Leopold of the Belgians, was married to Prince Philip of Coburg Kohary, brother of the ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and a son of that marvellous old woman, Princess Clémentine, who pulled the diplomatic strings of Central Europe for over a generation. She was a daughter of King Louis Philippe of France.

Photograph *Sport and General*

WHAT OF THE DAY?

Mrs. Lever (left), Mrs. Humble-Crofts and Mr. Water discuss the day's prospects at the opening meet of the Brighton Beagles

The Coburg-Koharys were immensely rich, being descended from a cadet of the grand-ducal house of Coburg, who had married an Hungarian heiress. Although they never relinquished their Saxe-Coburg

Photograph *Central Press*

WATCHING THE PASSING PAGEANT

Young followers of the Portman Hounds watching the field assemble. The group includes Miss Leila Stern (left), Master Peter Stern, Miss Sheila Watt, Miss Rosemary Stern and Miss Penelope Watt. The Stern kiddies are the children of Major Stern, of Hanford House where the meet was held

Photograph *I.B.*

MRS. VIOLET STRINGER WITH HER PRIZE-WINNING BORZOI HOUND, PROSPEK OF ADDLESTONE

nationality, they lived in Austria and were treated as members of the Austrian Imperial family, and more particularly after the marriage of Princess Louise's sister, Princess Stéphanie, to the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria.

Princess Philip of Coburg very shortly after her marriage drew down upon herself the wrath of the old Austrian Emperor and of her father, the King of the Belgians, by her "frivolity." And she went on upsetting Imperial and Royal conventions until one fine day she threw her bonnet entirely over the windmill and eloped with the handsome Count Mattatich, *un beau sabreur*, for whom she thought her world very well lost.

Vienna and Brussels had borne a good deal, but this was too much. So the Count was popped into prison and the Princess into a *maison de santé*. Prince Philip of Coburg divorced the lady under the Saxe-Coburg law, and she was permitted to take her natal name of Princess Louise of Belgium after renouncing all right to be considered a member of the grand-ducal family of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The Princess ultimately escaped from her *duresse* and went to Paris, where the difference between her debts and her creditors is a matter of everyday knowledge. Count Mattatich was released from his prison and joined the Princess in Paris. His death ends one of those histories which undermine thrones. Like several other foreign Royal ladies who have been central figures in scandals, Princess Louise of Belgium has written her memoirs.

AT THE KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

"Us Anticks"

THE appointment of the Rev. Walter Frere, the Superior of the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield — which is a Church of England monastery — to the Bishopric of Truro has created a good deal of speculation, even amongst people who are not especially interested in Church matters. Mirfield stands for the "highest" of the "high," and as a rule Bishops are not chosen from that school of thought. Apropos of "high," a West Country parson told a good story at the recent Church Congress in Plymouth.

A visitor was being shown over a "high" village church by the pew-opener. "Your parson seems to go in for antics," he said.

"Oh, yes, 'ee anticks," was the answer, "an' us anticks wi' 'ee!"

The Thrill

A PEER recently travelling to a cathedral town to attend a meeting fell into conversation in the train with a vivacious American woman. In the course of talk she told him it was her first visit to England and that she had three hours to wait for a connection at this particular town.

Having an hour to spare before his meeting, the peer offered to show her over the cathedral, in which he was particularly interested. At the end of the hour he took leave of a very grateful American woman.

"If ever you come to America you must let me know," she said. "You've been real kind. There's my card."

The peer gave his card in return.

"My!" cried the American as she read the title. "And I've been talking all this while to a real, live earl! Sakes! What a thrill for my home-town!"

Photograph *I.N.A.*

MISS BETTY RANK AND A HANDFUL OF GREAT DANES

Photograph *Central Press*

MRS. KILBURN SCOTT'S SAMOYEDES ENJOYING THE PROCEEDINGS

To Our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

From our Portrait Gallery

Photograph *Bertram Park*

LADY BELPER

Formerly Miss Angela Tollemache, who was married to Lord Belper last July. Lord Belper, who is the third Baron, was formerly a Captain in the Household Cavalry, and is a Major on the General Reserve of Officers

RUGGER RAGGINGS

RUGGER AS SHE IS WROTE. By "PENDARVES"

FORGIVE the misquotation, but "Oh to be a reporter now that Rugger's here." It really must be awfully nice to be a Rugby reporter on a sporting newspaper. To feel that you are *the* man of the moment on a Saturday morning, when you sally forth (those would be his words, I'm sure) nice and early for lunch, with your country suiting on and a gaudy Press Pass in your pocket and your News Editor hoping for the best while fearing the worst, and knowing little of Rugger jargon, anyway. Knowing that you will be motioned obsequiously by beribboned officials into the front row of the grand stand, on the non-sunny side of the ground, there to parade your notebook and pencil with a detached, thoughtful air, put on your biggest pipe, stand up and survey the turf quizzically, and nod genially, though rather cunningly, to fellow *littérateurs* along the front benches, while beautiful girls in the stand behind murmur "*The Press!*" in a hushed voice. Besides, people see in you, of course, a famous old try-getter for England. You are obviously an old (though not very old) International; you have got rather a knocked-about, hard look, the look of one who has "gone down" to a thousand bustling forwards. Oh, it's a great life—in the winter time, when the flies have gone.

It is not, perhaps, quite so enthralling in the summer-time. Cricket does not offer quite the same scope for style and descriptive artistry. The account of a succession of maiden overs, and the details of how Brown was succeeded "at the other end" by the fast bowler Jones; and how "at this point the teams adjourned for the luncheon interval" (to which you are not invited) is rather depressing to he who does "pen pictures." But Rugby—ah! what a chance. He can get away with illuminating little accounts like this:

"The visitors were *accorded a hearty welcome* on the Feetup Ground this afternoon. The home team, owing to a variety of causes, including absence of players, were *unable to field* a representative side. . . . The Backscratchers had to make an eleventh-hour change, Esau, their full back, having been taken ill in the train (sensation). . . . Isaac started, and Jacob made a good return, *only to find* Moses gathering and finding touch well down. . . . A couple of scrums were formed near the Backscratchers 25 (applause), and Aaron, after the Malcontent pack had heeled, *was beaten for the ball* by Joseph. . . . Nabob sent to Pharaoh, *who kicked.* (Sensation.) The *globe travelled* via Noah to the speedy Ark, who put in a short punt for Esau to follow up and *get possession.* The wing man, however, *was pushed into touch* . . . (unbelievable but true!)"

The italics are mine, in case you are apt to overlook the gems of literature in your absorption of the narrative.

Now, you know, this takes a lot of doing. It requires great concentration and a sublime sense of duty. You have got to keep one eye on the ball, or as much of it as can be seen in the distance, the game being invariably on the other side of the ground, and the other eye on your notebook. You have also to be continually asking hurriedly of the Pressman on your right and left, "Who was that? Was it Esau or Isaac who touched down then? They've altered all their numbers, damn 'em." You will seldom get an answer to your feverish demands because they will both be engaged simultaneously in asking the same question of *their* next door neighbour.

And it is vitally important that you should not attribute a touch down to Esau when Isaac flung himself on it. Isaac, when devouring the paper that evening, would be very hurt; might ring up the News Editor and—well, it's important, that's all, as you would know if you were in our trade.

I suppose I am a renegade, an outcast, because I can never see the potency, the art, in this kind of writing. I have never been able to find any of my Rugger playing pals who are in the least concerned by the news that they "failed with the place kick" at a certain period of the game.

Nor can I ever find any of them *reading* these florid and fascinating accounts. I will go further than that, and tell you what happened to me only last week-end. I went down to the West to see "the flower of England's chivalry" (I feel sure that is the correct phrase) "pitted against" the flower (rather a faded flower) of Welsh Rugby.

It was a classic game. I sat, tense, hands gripping knees, the hand still round my cigar—that will show you how tense I was!—missing absolutely nothing of the game, taking no notes, not even shouting advice and caustic instructions to men who could not hear and did not want to if they could. I will guarantee no movement of that game escaped me, not a kick, not a collar.

And yet, when I came to read the three-column account in the bright little evening *Argosy*, going up in the train that night, I could not remember a single one of the "incidents" so ably described by "our Special Representative." The game, you see, to me was over and done with, blurred into one lovely whole. . . .

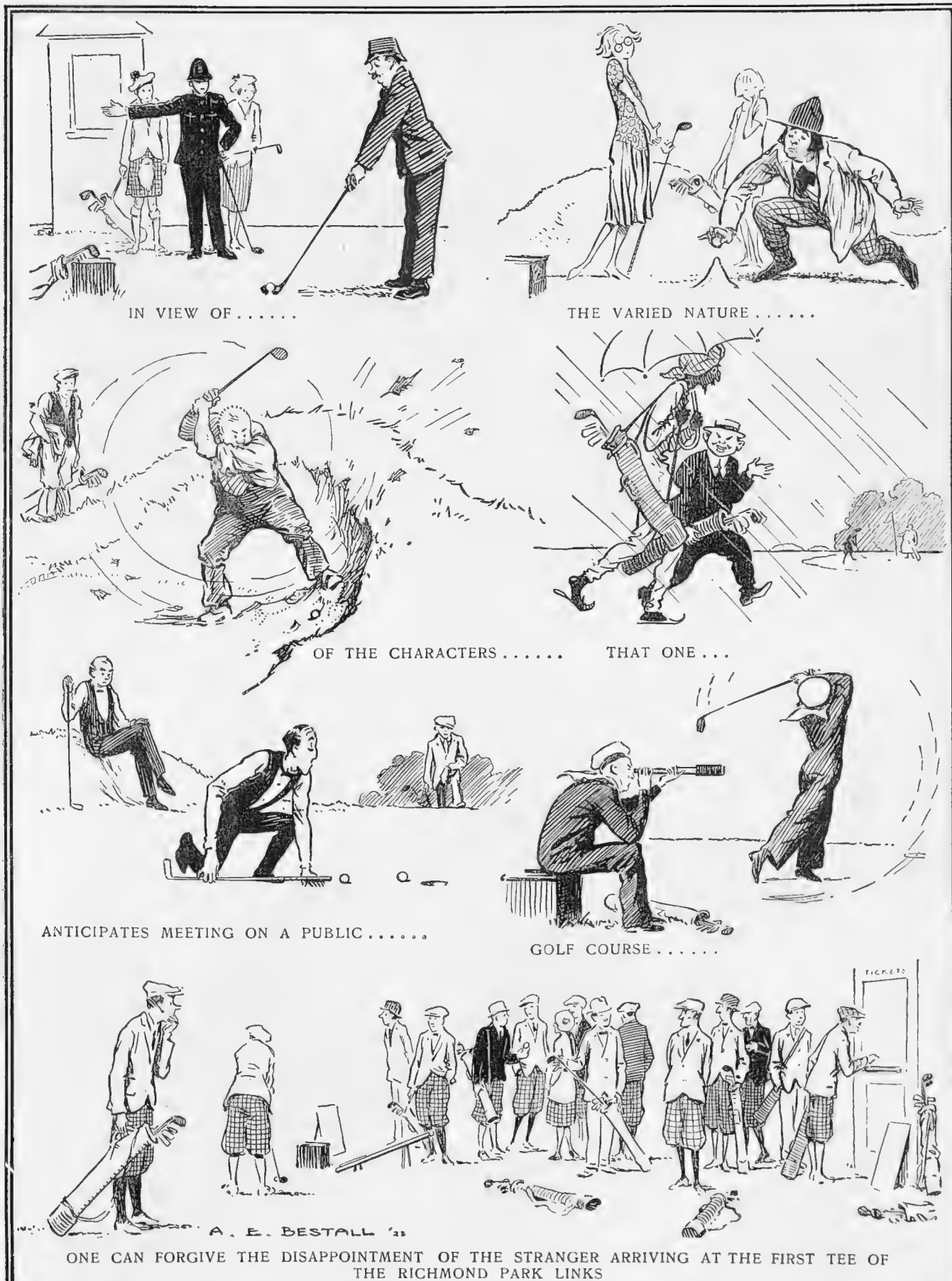
But I suppose I am no judge—no journalist.

Photograph G. P. U.

A BLACK (HEATH) DAY FOR THE SERVICES

Blackheath "threes" on the run during their match against the United Services, whom they defeated by 31 points to none. The "Heathens" seem to have taken as their motto "If at first you do succeed score a try, try, try again"

A Matter of "Course"



ONE CAN FORGIVE THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE STRANGER ARRIVING AT THE FIRST TEE OF THE RICHMOND PARK LINKS

BY A. E. BESTALL

FASHION GRANTS THE PUBLIC GOLFER NO REDRESS *RE* DRESS

Scottish Society at the Perth

Photograph *Sport and General*

MR. AND MRS. ARCHIBALD MURRAY AND MISS MURRAY

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE DUKE OF ATHOLL, MAJOR AND MRS. MURRAY GRAHAM

Photograph *British Illus.*

CAPT. GORDON DUFF, MRS. CECIL ALLEN, MRS. ERNEST COX AND MISS MARGOT COX

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY MARY CARNEGIE AND LORD SCONE

The Autumn racing campaign in Scotland concluded with a delightful gathering under National Hunt Rules at Perth. This was the first steeplechasing Rarely have fields been larger at the Perth Hunt Meeting, a very satisfactory number of horses from southern stables

Steeplechases in Scone Palace Park

Photograph *Sport and General*
MRS. JOHN ROLLO AND CAPT. HAY

Photograph *British Illus.*
MR. BLACKBURN, MRS. ARCHDALE, MISS THORNYCROFT, MISS BLACKBURN AND MRS. DAVIES

Photograph *British Illus.*
THE HON. PATRICK BALFOUR, LADY STAIR AND LADY JEAN DALRYMPLE

Photograph *Central News*
LADY MARJORIE MURRAY AND LADY SEMPILL

ixture of the Season North of the Tweed, and the large crowds included many who left their shooting in the Highlands for a couple of days' racing. eing on the scene. Capt. Bennet, who rode Sergeant Murphy to victory in the Grand National, had three successes

PEOPLE I SHOULD LIKE TO BE

BY RALPH STRAUS

No. VI—CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

CANDIDLY, in the old days I would have had nothing to do with the business.

To fight sixty rounds or so with my bare fists against some dreadful-looking bully on a village green—no, it would not have appealed to me.

Don't, however, misunderstand me. Don't look upon me as one of those shy, nervous creatures whom the novelists tell us would not hurt a fly. I admit I have taken life on several occasions. I once owned an air-gun, and even as a small boy I nearly blinded my nurse with a hard pea shot from a tin tube (and at the time was sorry I hadn't—blinded her, I mean). At school, too, I fought a youth very nearly as old and as big as I was, and although the referee's decision was grossly unfair, I fancy I showed what is usually called the true bull-dog spirit.

And to-day if I am really roused——

Well, what I want to make clear is that in these enlightened days, when great men obtain fees commensurate with the importance of the tasks they perform, I would dearly like to be heavy-weight champion of the world.

Or shall we say, I would like to *have become* the heavy-weight champion of the world.

I like to suppose, for instance, that it had been I, a Briton, and not Mr. Firpo, who recently fought Mr. Dempsey. In which case, of course, there would have been no coming back into the ring on his part after that one most terrible punch.

You think this too absurd? That my form must be too amateurish? But does not chance play a large part in these heavy-weight contests? A blow on a particular spot on your chin, and down you go, and stay there. And is it too much to suppose that had I with my youthful experiences (mentioned above) been pitted against Mr. Dempsey, I might have got in such a blow? Surely not.

Then let us suppose it.

And at once it becomes clear to me that I should be one of the greatest, most popular and most *scholarly* champions ever born to adorn history. It

'No, I would go into strict training"

seems to me that I could carry through all those difficult social feats which fall to a champion's lot in the best possible way. And when I left America with the ashes, or whatever is the fistical equivalent, I know I should be able to give universal satisfaction. Photographed on the liner's deck, I would give my "message" to the American nation in rousing and learned periods. That alone would do much to uplift my already noble profession. And my challenge to all the world would be couched in terms to which not even those knights of old could have objected. There would be a touch, somehow, of chivalry about it.

Well, and then I and my suite would arrive at Southampton, and be accorded a civic welcome. And I would deliver a speech such as no other champion had ever delivered before. The *Times* would certainly have a leading article about it. Then I would enter my special train, and step out at Waterloo, and raise my hat to the cheering crowds, and be conducted to the Royal Suite at the Ritz.

And there I would remain champion for the next five or six years.

As a public character I would be charmingly accessible. Anybody who wanted my autograph should have it. I would refuse no invitations to dinner. I would show myself on any stage or in any ring, for a purely nominal fee—say, a hundred guineas. No tailor who offered to dress me free of cost should be denied the opportunity to do so. And as my great wealth automatically increased, I would be glad to do anything—short of fighting—for charity.

But, you say, what of the challenges?

I assure you they would receive my most earnest attention. In fact, I would devote an hour or two every morning with my lawyers to such matters. Perhaps you do not know it, but there have to be the most delicate and complicated transactions before a big fight can be successfully postponed. Well, I would not shrink from such transactions. And I fancy that I should be able to retain *my* championship for many prosperous years without hurting anybody's feelings. A little *finesse*, a little medical attention at moments that were inclined to be strained, a little——No matter, I am convinced that my popularity would not decrease.

And even if fate were so unkind as to render any further postponements impossible, I would not flinch.

No, I would go into strict training in some little Thames-side village.

And when the great day came, I would be motored into London, up the Hammersmith Broadway between coherts of perspiring policemen and cheering crowds, and so to Olympia, and I would get out——

But perhaps it would be better if for this particular fight I paid for my own ticket, and sat in the stalls.

I expect I could borrow the money for the ticket.

Making a Splash

BY STAN TERRY

"That's the celebrated Miss De Vigne. Right in the swim, y'know"
"Well, she dresses for the part, anyway"

A GREAT SHOW

LEARNING HOW TO CUT A DASH

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

My Governor's daughter—rapidly becoming one of the best judges and keenest Hound fanciers I have met—entertained two American friends for the Kennel Club's great Show at the Crystal Palace last week, one of whom, they tell me, is a leader of New York's doggy *cognoscenti*. She has shown me a letter from him, in which I read:

No other country in the world could have put up so magnificent a Show. Dogs, judging, venue, organisation—it was unique; a really wonderful tribute to British breeders, British dogs, the doggy public of Britain, and, no less, to the Secretary of your Kennel Club and his colleagues. Near 5,000 entries and 2,000 superlatively fine dogs; and the whole outfit running like a clock. Wonderful! I want to say I found it a real education, with a whole lot for me to pass on in New York.

Writing from Malta, a naval officer sends sugar-coated criticism:

We've found the Kennel page worthy even of the jolliest of all journals, THE BYSTANDER, mostly, I think, because of the breeze of clean sport blowing through it, and because it's sane; no hysteria or exaggeration. But didn't you allow your enthusiasm to run away with you a bit over the Sheepdog Trials? True, I've not yet seen one—I mean to—but to claim so high a place for them *as sport*, and as entertainment, does seem a bit far-fetched, doesn't it, remembering what England can do in that line—out of sight ahead of any other country.

Noted. Thank you. But my withers remain unwrung, and my reply is: Wait till you've seen 'em. Our revered national mouthpiece, the *Times*, gave 'em a leading article to themselves the other day, and declared:

For sheer variety of interest and character compressed into a few hours, not even hounds well hunted or pointers and retrievers at their steadiest come up to a trial of the best Sheepdogs in the United Kingdom. . . . A Sheepdog Trial is one of the prettiest of sports; but it is more than a sport, and it is more than an allegory of human government.

Selah!

One rejoices to find the ranks of Britain's active Dog-lovers swelling visibly day by day, and one welcomes alike those whose enthusiasm is stay-at-home, and those who find it draws them into the Show Ring. The inquiries of "quite a few" of my correspondents turn upon the question of preparing Dogs for exhibition, and so it's a pleasure for me to be able to notify all and sundry that the veteran expert, Mr. J. W. Marples, F.Z.S., has just completed an admirable little book called *The Preparation of Dogs for Exhibition*. The practical value of any one of its half-dozen sections—all breeds are covered—is away above its price; and study of the strategy and tactics it unfolds is genuinely calculated to give victory in the Ring; as, indeed, was to have been expected of a book with a lifetime of brilliantly successful Dog-fancying behind it.

"Lugged into the ring by a foolish person"

When you find a book full of practical good points, including the most valuable sort of tips and "secrets," I suppose the most ungracious form of criticism would be enlargement on the value of anything it may lack. (You'd need a crane to handle the Dog-book that omitted nothing). But, having regard to his almost unique experience and expertness, I can't help wishing that, over and above his invaluable guidance in the matter of conditioning, feeding, exercising and generally fitting Dogs to win, Mr. Marples had seen his way to giving a bit more detail than he has in the matter of training a Dog to "show well"; giving him "Ring sense," and Ring manners. Nobody could be better qualified to advise in this connection, and I'd risk a wager he does not underrate the practical value of training for the Ring. As a piece of self-display, consider the difference between, say, the average winning thoroughbred hackney, on parade at a horse show, or a professionally shown Fox-terrier at a Dog show, and the lamentable exhibition one has often seen of a Hound, or a St. Bernard, or a Pekingese, it may be, perfectly bred, exquisite in type and points, and—lugged into the Ring by a foolish person who has not so much as accustomed the poor creature to collar and lead, let alone given it parade form.

If there's the smallest likelihood of your exhibiting, don't be so wastefully extravagant as to miss immediate study of Mr. Marples's book.

To-day's Championship Terrier Show in that famous Terrier stronghold, Bradford, with the Duchess of Newcastle leading the judges, promises very keen competition indeed. Birmingham's two-day Championship Show next month will establish new records for that enterprising city, they say.

Since personal popularity must be an important asset for an auctioneer, it's surprising to learn that a person of that *jat* was guilty the other day of stunning a puppy by clubbing it over the head, because he thought its barks interrupted his own eloquence in the auctioning of poultry. This amiable Sir Oracle's only legal penalty was a fine—no clubbing. But how about local public opinion? One hopes it's reasonably healthy.

The new number of the *Kennel Gazette*—eighty pages of highly interesting and authoritative doggy reading—shows the registration of pedigree Dogs still steadily increasing, and that very specially among the Sporting breeds, Terriers and Toys; but not among such families as Mastiffs, Newfoundlands and Poodles. The Labrador, the Airedale, and the Wire-haired Fox-terrier are in the van of the quick multipliers. Alsatians and Sealyhams still going strong.

Salute to Young Adventurers

Photograph *Marcus Adams*

Little Peter Cator, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lumley Cator, looking out on the world which appears so full of mystery and adventure when viewed through the wondering eyes of youth

Our Puzzle Page

Isn't it curious that a pretty girl like this will often refuse men like—

Mr. Noel Thunderblast, the Adonis of the stage

Sir Mortimer Underproof, the famous brewer

Signor Screechata, the Italian Canary

Carslake Prendergast, the Great Detective

Lord Broadbanks Heavypenny, the well-known sportsman

The Vicomte de Camouflage, the Parisian Racehorse Owner

Or Silas P. Jawkins, the tie-clip Magnate

—And run off with a thing like this!

D'Egville

BY D'EGVILLE

WHO CAN ACCOUNT FOR THE "LIKES (AND DISLIKES) OF HER"?

HASSAN AT HIS MAJESTY'S

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

Produced on Sept. 20, 1923

THIS play was a decorative feature of the bookshelf before it was translated to the theatre, and it seemed almost more suited to the library than the stage. But Mr. Basil Dean has encompassed it with the magic of his art, and it has now become a thing of wonder in the world of gorgeous make-believe. The amount of preliminary puffing the venture has received would have lifted the soul of Mr. Vincent Crummles to the seventh heaven, but the end has certainly justified the means. *Hassan* is a production which marks an epoch in Thespian history. Mr. Dean is credited with the assertion that the author was a second Shakespeare; but let us hope for his own sake that this is the mere hyperbole of the enthusiast. For it is a tradition in theatreland that Shakespeare spells ruin, and they say that thirty thousand pounds was (or were) spent on this coruscating outbreak before the first half-crown fell tinkling into the box-office till.

THE gifted author, Mr. James Elroy Flecker is said to have been a constant reader of Dr. C. J. Mardrus's very literal translation of *The Thousand Nights and One Night*, and one seems to detect the influence of the great Orientalist here and there in the work, especially in the frequent use of "I hear and obey" (*J'écoute et j'obeis*), and his characteristic estimate of a woman's charm by the fulness of her hips. The phrase used once or twice, "Let all mouths close but mine" is new to me, but abrupt though it may be considered, it is certainly an improvement on our very modern equivalent, "Shurrup!" The humour of the play is quite in the Arabian Night's vein, which is almost always either a little spiteful, or positively cruel. The first humorous incident is at the expense of Hassan, who is seated on a carpet behind his confectioner's shop, bewailing his unrequited love for Yasmin, whom, for the sake of politeness, we will call an—adventuress. His wily young friend, Selim, prevails upon Hassan to part with ten good dinars with which to buy a love philtre, and when Hassan goes to serenade his lady he finds that Selim is already her guest in intimacy, and the immediate destination of the ten dinars is readily to be conjectured. I believe they used to laugh a good deal at fun of that sort a thousand years ago; but in the interval we have had time to grow more serious.

THE imprisonment of the Caliph and his party in the House of the Moving Walls is a very complete and skilful effect. This is preceded by a ballet of great distinction called into being by Rafi, the King of the Beggars. Lovely girls dressed more or less in the fashion of the East, which favours a dainty patch of pink nudity round the waist line, troop on the stage, and dance and wave their arms about rhythmically. Some of them, indeed, are so vigorous in the arm that they all but wave themselves out of their chest protectors; but that is a detail for the friends of the curious. The general effect of great wealth and reckless extravagance is admirably conveyed, and the contrast a moment later of the drab prison surrounded by walls of iron is most impressive. It is here that Hassan has his brain wave that effects the Caliph's release, for which he is raised to wealth and power. About this time we hear of the fickle Yasmin again. Hassan, the confectioner, she scorned, but Hassan, the Caliph's favourite, is distinctly worthy of such favours as she has to sell; and she goes to the length of invading his magnificent pavilion and anticipating matters by concealing herself in his bed in bridal array. This simple directness of aim is valiantly aided and abetted by the dialogue that accompanies it.

HASSAN at first very properly reprehends the young lady for her forwardness, and even proposes to go to the extreme length of cutting off her lovely head; but Yasmin is an expert at her trade, and she soon has him sighing in her arms. The part

(*Continued on page* 116)

MALCOLM KEEN AS THE CALIPH

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF "HASSAN" AT H

MAJESTY'S THEATRE, BY MACMICHAEL

is played by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt with quite unusual charm. At this point Hassan steps out of the drama. As Mardrus would say, *Voilà pour lui !* He is a sort of *Compère* for the rest of the production, which is concerned with the vengeance to be meted out to Rafi for having threatened to do the Caliph in by a most ingenious form of fiendish cruelty. Rafi and the Caliph have never been able to hit it off together since Rafi's girl Pervaneh was carried off by the myrmidons of the Caliph in order to adorn his harem. As, however, Pervaneh threatened to destroy her beauty if the Caliph approached her, she has remained unmolested. Sitting in solemn Divan, the Caliph orders Rafi and the girl to be brought before him, and having given them a plain choice between dishonour and the tiresome ordeal of "Protracted Death," he announces that the Divan is closed "in the name of Allah the Most Merciful."

THE lovers having chosen the "Protracted Death" in exchange for twenty-four hours of sweet companionship, the next step is, of course, for the executioner to get busy. We have thus the "Procession of Protracted Death," which is made up of a number of slaves carrying a choice variety of implements designed to inflict upon the young people an extremely untidy decease. The procession is headed by the Court Executioner, Masrur, who has stepped straight out of the Arabian Nights, with his sword of office. There is a monstrous wheel with spikes on it that tells its own story, and this is followed by a lighted brazier and a rack, to say nothing of various minor irritants intended to encourage the vigilance of the victims if their interest in the proceedings should slacken at any time. I could not see any boiling oil in the procession, but I do hope they had some, as I consider an entertainment of this kind incomplete without that very enlivening ingredient. It is not to be assumed, however, that anything at all gruesome takes place in sight of the spectators. The materials for the torture are solemnly borne along in the half-light, and disappear into the torture chamber, and that is all. The torture scene itself is thus suggested with the utmost delicacy, and we should not know it had taken place but for the fact that the released spirits of the victims reappear presently in the gloom to continue their love-making in space.

ALFRED CLARK AS CHIEF OF POLICE

HASSAN, who has been an unwilling spectator of the torture scene, is so moved by his terrible experience, that he decides to renounce his honours and join a projected pilgrimage to Samarkand. The assembling of the crowd of pilgrims and their departure for the Golden Sands, forms a sort of musical epilogue to the play, but I think it is for the management to consider whether the scene is really worth all the trouble and expense it must involve. Mr. Henry Ainley is, of course, in his usual form as Hassan ; but he is handicapped a good deal by the casual nature of his part. Mr. Malcolm Keen makes a perfect Caliph, and Mr. Leon Quartermaine as the Caliph's Court Poet gives the part a rare quality of excellence. As Rafi, Mr. Basil Gill is distinguished throughout, while Miss Laura Cowie as Pervaneh is both comely and convincing.

LAURA COWIE AS PERVANEH

BASIL GILL AS RAFI

THE incidental and ladylike music of Frederick Delius seems to be much appreciated. People hum bars of it in your ears in the intervals, till you feel you would like to call Masrur forward with his sword of office, and invite him to perform a simple act of justice on the miscreants behind you. The scenery is in many instances quite superb, and cunning effects of lighting afford a pleasurable surprise now and again. As somebody said to Sempronius, you cannot command success, but this very efficient production certainly deserves it.

JINGLE

In the Merry (Circus) Ring-Time

Photograph *Foulsham & Banfield*

MISS MABEL SEALBY

Who, in the Adelphi musical comedy, "Head Over Heels," appropriately makes *some* assaults—on our susceptible hearts.

The Milk of Human Unkindness

BY ALFRED LEETE

DOCTOR'S ORDERS!

NAPPY called for Bettine punctually at 10.30. On the way to the Glangarrow's dance she elaborated the ideas she had broached during the afternoon.

"The sort of people you want to cultivate are the post-war rich, people who have just made money, and are looking for ways of spending it, buying horses and old masters, and that sort of thing. Make yourself pleasant to them, useful in little ways—like young Parbery does; he is earning two thousand a year, and he is younger than you are."

Nappy suffered in silence. Young Parbery was anathema to him—a pushing young bounder. What Bettine could see in him he could not imagine. Nappy's own business was selling Silver Cloud motor-cars on commission, and his want of success at this enterprise was handicapping his courtship of Bettine.

They reached Glangarrow House, one of the last of the fine old London houses still lived in by its owners, remarkable for its famous marble staircase.

Bettine slipped away immediately with young Parbery, leaving Nappy to climb the staircase alone. Preceding him was a short, fat man with a bald head. The fat man climbed the staircase with care, setting down each foot like a person unaccustomed to skates. Despite his precaution as he neared the top the fat man slipped.

"They ought ter 'ave a carpet down—damned nasty, dangerous thing," he said to Nappy, glaring at the place where he had slipped, and not noticing the outstretched hand of his hostess, who stood at the head of the stairs.

Cabinet ministers, beautiful women, *débutantes*, dowagers, and foreign dignitaries were assembled in the ballroom. Evidently many had come on from Court. Nappy saw the Rajah of Sarong wearing his State robes—a wonderful glittering green coat and wide, baggy, white native trousers, with a jewelled turban wound round his head.

Then in his right ear he heard the sound of someone sucking his teeth. Looking round he saw the man who had slipped on the stairs. The little man stood with his legs apart, hands thrust in trouser pockets, watching the company. Nappy thought he might be a detective, but the enormous black pearl stud in his shirt looked real.

"'Ot!" said the stranger.

"It is," Nappy agreed.

The Rajah of Sarong passed by, a dreamy look over his aristocratic face, his thoughts in India, where the bi-annual collection of taxes was being levied from his people.

The little fat man caught his arm.

"George, run along and get me a cup of coffee, there's a good chap," he said.

The Rajah passed serenely on.

"That's the Rajah of Sarong!" said Nappy.

"Lumme, I thought it was one of those Turkish coffee waiters like they 'ave at the Trocadero."

Nappy looked helplessly up and down the room. Something ought to be done about this stranger. He was not safe left by himself. Just then his eye lit on Bettine. She was dancing with young Parbery again—the third dance in succession. Parbery the successful, who knew how to get a move on, cultivate the right people, make himself useful, jump about.

"Come and have a drink," said Nappy to the stranger, with sudden decision.

Next morning Nappy and Bettine met at Waterloo Station. They were going down to Dutton Lacey, Sir John's place in Hampshire, for a shoot. Sir John was Bettine's guardian and Nappy's uncle.

Looking along the platform Bettine saw a little man in a knickerbocker suit, of which the check pattern was reminiscent of the camouflage scheme adopted by merchant ships during the War. At his heels, attached to a cord, lurched a dog with traces of terrier blood in him, and a piece missing from its left ear.

"There's that dreadful little man you were talking to last night," said Bettine.

"Yes, I'll introduce you to him; he's coming down to Dutton with us."

"*What?*" exclaimed Bettine.

"Well, Uncle John told me to bring another gun, and Mr. Walker is rich, and, as far as I know, has no motor-car." Nappy advanced blandly to meet his guest.

"Calls 'im Rufus," said Mr. Walker, patting the dog's head as Nappy approached—"good little chap."

"Finds the birds well, does he?" asked Nappy, looking at Rufus doubtfully.

"Yes, and eats 'em if I don't get to 'im quick."

"We shall have to get that dog away from him somehow," Nappy whispered to Bettine, as Mr. Walker went off to look after his gun-case. "You know what Uncle John is like about dogs. Can't you pretend to take a fancy to it?"

"Perhaps you'd like me to pretend to take a fancy to Mr. Walker?" answered Bettine, coldly.

"You never can rely on a girl not to back out of a thing," Nappy muttered bitterly.

Sir John was on the lawn throwing breadcrumbs to Jupiter and Venus, his favourite peacocks. At sight of the car Jupiter spread his magnificent tail and strutted towards a tree. Venus hurriedly gobbled the remainder of the crumbs.

Nappy pulled himself together and presented his guest. Mr. Walker was introduced to the other two guns, Colonel Barrett and Judge Harlow, and Sir John, looking at his watch, said they ought to be making a start.

They were turning to go when a prolonged scream filled the air. Looking across the lawn Nappy saw Jupiter in

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flight being chased by a red-coloured dog.

Sir John took his stick and slung it at the dog. "Burr! you brute! Where the devil did that dog come from?" he asked, indignantly.

"I brought him!" said Walker, looking at his pet affectionately, as Rufus, tail between his legs, slunk towards him.

Nappy cast an appealing look at Bettine, who returned his glance coldly.

They took up their stands on the first beat.

Presently distant cries resounded through the wood and the sound of sticks hitting trees. There was a birr in the air, and a fat cock pheasant came sailing over the trees directly over Walker's head.

"Mark over!" called Colonel Barrett, who was next to him.

Mr. Walker fumbled with his gun, but failed to get it up in time.

"Lumme! they do come quick!" he exclaimed.

"Mark over!" called Nappy, as he saw a pheasant coming over Colonel Barrett.

This time Walker let the bird have both barrels, while the Colonel dodged behind a tree, and Rufus, excited to frenzy, dashed into the foliage barking.

"Damn that dog; he'll scare every bird for miles," yelled Sir John.

"Damn you, sir, you nearly killed me." Colonel Barrett shook his fist at Mr. Walker.

Nappy began to be sorry he had ever been born.

The last beat of the day was the home covert. On this occasion Sir John most inconveniently elected to take up his position on the other side of Mr. Walker.

"That's done it!" thought Nappy, who, knowing how a bad shot annoyed his uncle, had surreptitiously been shooting Mr. Walker's birds and allowing him to claim them.

Just then bang went Walker's gun, missing a pheasant about ten feet over his head.

Then a shrill yelp-yelp broke the stillness.

"That blasted dog's loose again," thought Nappy, recognising Rufus' bark. The barking increased, and a great fluttering of wings could be heard in the undergrowth.

"What the dickens is he after?" Nappy thought, looking uneasily to see if Sir John, who was rather deaf, was alive to what was happening.

Providentially at the moment Sir John's back was turned.

Suddenly a huge bird broke out of the undergrowth, and with a mighty cackling rose ponderously in the air. Nappy saw it all as in a nightmare. Rufus in hot pursuit, Mr. Walker's gun to his shoulder, and Jupiter, the sacred Peacock, flying to his doom.

"Wasn't going to miss that one, anyway!" called Mr. Walker, gleefully, when the deed was done.

For a moment there was an awful silence. Bettine, standing behind Sir John, held her breath; Rufus stood on guard over Jupiter; Mr. Walker complacently reloaded.

Sir John was the first to speak.

"I am afraid we ought not to stay out much longer Mr. . . . er . . . . Hawker, or you may miss your train."

"Well, good-bye, sir, and I 'ave to thank you for a capital day's sport," said Mr. Walker, gripping Sir John's hand when the car came round.

"I am glad you enjoyed yourself," answered Sir John. "Yes, Perkins, Mr. Charles will be going too," he added to the butler, who looked enquiringly at Nappy.

On the way to the station, Nappy left the talking to his protégé. A great bitterness had seized him. So much for these wild-cat schemes of cultivating "useful people." It would be months before Sir John would have him to Dutton again—perhaps never. He glanced sideways at the cause of his undoing.

Mr. Walker, though it had borne in upon him that he had done wrong in shooting the peacock, seemed in no way down-hearted.

"They don't cost much, do they?" he asked, after a silence.

"What?"

"Peacocks."

"I should not let the matter disturb you at all," said Nappy, settling wearily back in his corner.

"Well, anyway," he thought, as they climbed into the train, "I may as well sell the fellow a car."

Casually, Nappy led the subject round to cars. Which did Mr. Walker think the best make on the market?

"Silver Cloud," answered Mr. Walker, without the least hesitation, "the one I've got I've 'ad ten years."

This was a set back. However, Mr. Walker must be induced to buy the latest model. Nappy extolled the virtues of the latest models, and produced from his pocket an illustrated booklet.

Mr. Walker listened attentively, and looked with interest at the booklet. Nappy grew hopeful again.

"There is really no comparison in value between the old Silver Cloud and the latest type," he wound up.

Walker laid one finger along the side of his nose and winked.

"Young man, it does me good to 'ear you talk. The Silver Cloud Motor Company is the name of my little concern, though I don't 'ave much to do with the business nowadays." A. M.

Photograph *Sport and General*

STALK-Y AND CO.

Lady Evelyn Cobbold about to bag a stag which she has successfully stalked in the Corrie Rhubie Valley, near Glencarron, in Ross-shire. Knowing the dangers of a fluttering skirt where stags are concerned, she has wisely adopted more practicable—and masculine—attire

The Close of the Season

AT THE MEET

Miss Rosemary Hall-Walker, daughter of Lady Wavertree, at the last meet of the New Forest Stag-hounds this season

READY FOR THE CHASE

Mrs. Kino and "friend" spare the camera-man a few moments before the meet held at Beaulieu Cottage in the New Forest

Photographs *Alfieri*

OUT WITH THE OTTER-HOUNDS

Miss Varndell, the daughter of Mr. S. W. Varndell, Master of the Crowhurst Otter-hounds, leading the pack at their last meet. Held at Bramley, Surrey, the meet was well attended, even an enthusiastic terrier, seen on Miss Varndell's left, enlisting for the occasion

"The déboires of others"

The Perils of Jealousy

By "RENÉ." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

IF it were not ever so dangerous to prognosticate, one would feel inclined to suggest that we are about to have the bright winter season in the theatres. We have begun well. May the early promise be fulfilled! Experience shall discourage us from to count upon that, but *au moins*, we can hope with the more confidence after the excellent start. Several of the playwrights appear to have come at last to the conclusion that it might be an advantageous policy if they should provide us with something good. If it is as the consequence of their *déboires*, then the power of the public to command the quality as well as the quantity is established. The public suffers long, but it has the faculty to arouse itself at last. The protest by the absence can be most effective.

THERE cannot, however, be anything of the *déboires* about the authors of *Charly*, the new piece at the Michel, which has been added to the number of the delightful forerunners, for it is understood to be a first play. But perhaps they have profited from the *déboires* of others. At any rate there is the desire that they shall not prove to have exhausted their capacity by this first effort, but shall go on to do even better. They have certainly shown themselves to possess the talents of adaptability, which is the great asset. One is informed that *Charly* has been originally designed as a sombre drama, but it has not quite attained the necessary heights, so the authors have turned it inside out, and, regarding the subject from the humorous aspect, have made a drama *manqué* into a most successful comedy.

THERE is, perhaps, even the more credit due to them, from the standpoint of play-construction, because there is not the excess of novelty about the plot. There is the old trio—the Husband, the Wife, and the Other—but the dialogue and the action have been made so vivacious and so clever that one has the impression that all is new. *Charly* is a forceful lesson upon the perils of jealousy. Perhaps if the Husband had not been jealous he might have avoided the consequences which he has by this trait provoked, though he is such a heavy husband that he seems to be destined to carry a load of trouble. If the heavy husbands will persist to marry the *petit être léger* of the type of Charly (Charlotte) then they are bound to bear the weighty burden which the such ethereal beings have the habit to become.

IT is a nice question whether the weight of woe, which the ladies of the *légere* construction are able to depose upon the scales of matrimony, does not come really, by some process of adjustment, from the side of the heavy husband. However, as I am not one to seek to apportion blame, I shall be content to pose the question and leave to the qualified authorities the task to resolve it. The germ of that idea does appear to be at the back of the minds of the authors of *Charly*.

ONE is led to conclude that Charly, despite the passion for the *dancings* and the *thés à la mode*, would have remained *sage* had it not been that her heavy husband, Paul, threw her into the arms of Lucien, who had not the least expectation of any such present. Charly had sought relief in the illusions of the *dancings* and the *thés à la mode* merely because she had been *ennuyée* in the home, but Paul, of course, could not be expected to be sufficiently alert to appreciate that it was his heaviness that has been the cause of this boredom, and has arrived ponderously at the conclusion that the person who is to blame is Another.

THERE is a storm over a dinner, which has been such a failure that both have been exasperated, and, when the stolid Paul refuses to seek the divorce for which Charly asks, she endeavours to force his hand by announcing the existence of an *amant*. Required to reveal the name of this unexistent *amant* Charly is in difficulties, but, with a flounder, stammers out that

(*Continued on page 124*)

"The petit être léger"

Shadowed

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

MRS. GLAMORGAN BROWNE: "Very well, Mr. Browne, I may be short-sighted, but now I know what you are up to when you are supposed to be hard at work at the office"

"THE PERILS OF JEALOUSY" (*concluded*)

of Lucien, a boyhood friend of Paul, who has never been other than loyal. But Lucien is a painter, as brilliant and gay as Paul is heavy and *sombre*, so Paul is ready to accept the wild accusation, and dashes off to the *atelier* to execute the *scène classique*.

THERE is one person who is even more surprised than Lucien. This is his *modèle*, Zonzon. After Paul has exhausted his limited stock of bitter reproaches, she assails Lucien with such a torrent of lurid descriptions about the position in which she is placed by the "revelations" of Paul, that even the heavy Paul awakes to the truth, and demands the pardon of the luckless Lucien. Paul conducts Lucien to the worried Charly, and the incident is satisfactorily patched up—at least, so far as Paul and Charlotte are concerned.

BUT Lucien, who has been unconsciously involved, finds himself unable to cut clear from the mesh. He imagines that there is something more behind the use of *his* name by Charlotte than the hasty escape from an awkward plight. *Songeries* of this nature produce the inevitable result that Charly, of whom he has scarcely thought before, becomes an object of affection. When next she comes to see him he provokes a *scène de jalousie*, at the end of which Charlotte falls into his arms. The *maladresse* of the heavy husband has revealed to Lucien and Charly that they really are very fond of one another.

LUCIEN goes to confess everything to Paul, but Paul has had quite enough with one *scène*. He refuses to believe the new version of Lucien. "*Fiche moi la paix avec tes histoires*," is all that Lucien can get him to say. As Charly says she is now so happy that she wants everyone else around her to be happy, and that her abandonment of Paul would break his heart, things are left as they are and *tout est pour le mieux*.

"Mothers lose their babies"

AT the least that is the impression which the authors convey. We might be inclined to have the scepticism if the charm of the dialogue, the *répliques*, and the situations, did not permit us to be quite satisfied with the play as a play without to make the unsatisfactory comparisons with the realities of life. *En effet* we become *trop pressé* to have the time to think about anything except that which is plainly on the surface. In the matter of thoughtless and thoroughly unnecessary haste, Paris begins to assume the habits of New York.

WE are in the such hurry to do everything that there is not any time to do anything, certainly not to reflect. On every side hurried ladies lose their jewels, mothers their babies, and *commerçants* their portfolios packed with the securities. Not anybody knows what the hurry is about, but it is the fact that we have got the fever very badly. Perhaps we have caught it from the chauffeurs of the taxicabs, who have always seemed to be in the hurry to die.

THERE is only one set of Parisiennes who have completely escaped the effects. These are the athletes who have competed against the English girls at the Stade Pershing. The English Dianas have easily defeated the French Venuses. Marcel shall be able to show you the exact reason. That is one of these defeats which may really be described as a moral victory, at least for the consolation of those of us who have the permanent objection to the useless haste, and who desire that Paris shall remain the capital of leisure and pleasure which it has been intended to be. RENÉ

"Victory of the English Diana"

Arrivals and Departures

Photograph *Vandyk*

FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

Mrs. W. R. Warren, the wife of the Prime Minister of Newfoundland, who visited London for the Imperial Conference. Her husband, the Hon. W. R. Warren, became Minister of Justice and Attorney-General for Newfoundland in 1919

Photograph *Bassano*

FROM SUNNY SPAIN

The Duchess of Alma and Berwick, who is temporarily forsaking the sunshine of Madrid for the comparative gloom of a London autumn. Before her marriage she was the Marquesa de San Vicente del Barco

Photograph *Topical*

BOUND FOR PORTUGAL

Senor M. Texiero Gomes, the President-Elect of Portugal (wearing soft hat), on the eve of his departure for Lisbon. The group includes Sir Hanbury Williams, who represented His Majesty the King, Mr. Monk, Sir Eyre and Lady Crowe, and Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

THE IDEAL DOMESTIC ASSISTANT

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS. *Heading by E. T. REED*

"A PEACE OF HER MIND." By GEORGINA

(Formerly head-cook to Mrs. Britannia)

I GOT the sack. I admit it. Why else would I be sitting here on a bench at the Servants' Registry Office along with Winnie and Effie and Austena, three of the classiest housemaids as ever carried pails in Mayfair ?

The accusation brought against me was that I was working in " co." with the butler. Be that as it may, they sacked me and not the butler, and what did Mr. Gladstone say in 1888 ? " Justice means justice to all." And what do I hear now but that an artful footman called Baldwin has been promoted butler *vice* my old colleague retired. He was the one who made a dead set against me and Winnie and Effie and Austena, and no good can come of it, mark my word.

Ever since I got sacked, I've scorned to take the dole, and every day we four girls meet and do the round of the registry offices. So far we can't find a mistress to suit us, but back to Mrs. Britannia we will not go, not if she asked us on her bended knees. Now I'm going to speak my mind, both in a book and on the platform in America, if it's made worth my while. Winnie has written a book, and Effie has been to America, and Austena is feeling pretty desperate too.

My bitterest recollection is of that French *chef*, Poincaré. What they wanted a *chef* for I can't say. My stews and hotpots being dishes nobody else has equalled, not to mention my knack at a Welsh rarebit. But engage a French *chef* they did, and my life's been soured ever since. I never could abide the French, ever since a nice parlourmaid I knew was jilted by a French polisher. And my natural antipathy, which is one of the words I've learned for my book, has been fully justified.

You see, we had on the staff a nice young German called Suhr, and why he spelt it that way was his own business. He did the boots and knives, and was specially good at the knives. Well, I grant you he borrowed money from all of us, but he said it was for his poor mother, who had to have champagne and caviare regular to keep her alive. When he left owing us all a bit of money, that French *chef* got fair mad about it, and swore he'd have the law on him.

He goes down to see Suhr in the suburbs, and comes back and says he's in a beautiful ruhral retreat with carpets on the fluhr, and the story of his puhr old mother is all punk. On the contrary, he is, apparently, carrying on an amuhr with a person like a Russian bolshie.

Well, he put the brokers in on dear Mr. Suhr. There's spite for you. We girls were all content to wait because we thought Mr. Suhr should have a moratorium so as to put his finances in order, but Poincaré says bailiffs is more effective than moratoriums. There I'll leave the matter, and we'll see who's right. But if that Frenchman does bleed Mr. Suhr we girls won't get our money, and it's not fair that he should have his bit and us go without. Because Mr. Gladstone, a great intellectual person, who thought *Illumination* a great novel and *The Sign of the Cross* a great play, said once " Justice means justice to all."

Talking about caviare reminds me that Mrs. Britannia used to be very fond of it, but the Russian firm which supplied it went broke, and she had to go to a new dealer called Soviet. Well, this dealer wasn't a very nice man, I grant you. He was a murderer and a thief and kept a staff of Chinese torturers for dealing with people he didn't like, but the view I took was that a man's character don't matter if he's got something you want. Now Mrs. Britannia takes the haughty attitude and says she won't trade with Soviet because his parcels is all splashed with the blood of the people he kills before and after meals. But what's that matter, as long as the blood don't get into the tins ? Still, she would have her way, and me and Winnie and Effie and Austena had to endure the hardship of going without caviare just because of Mrs. Britannia's high moral tone.

I haven't got time to tell you all my grievances to-day, but don't think I'm going to stop talking and writing. Is it Peace ? Not if I can help it. Take the affair with that wicked Italian who sold us the macaroni. It seems that when his twelve children were murdered by a Greek he went and killed the Greek's twelve children instead of telling the police. I struck him off our shopping list and says we'll do without macaroni for the future. But Mrs. Britannia, if you please, gets to know about it, and tells me she won't have the Italian boycotted. So I had to go on buying macaroni from a man who takes the law into his own hands !

But when all is said and done, it's that French *chef*, Poincaré, that I'd like to serve out. Mrs. Britannia I can forgive, being a fickle female who will find in time how much she needs me. But it fair makes my blood boil to think that Poincaré has still got a job and I haven't. Mind, I don't say nothing good ever came out of France. That boy, Carpentier, is all right, and when the war was on I used to read that the French were fighting on our side. I wish it had been the Germans, because they're dears, especially that Mr. Suhr, but the facts can't be helped, and, however unpleasant it may be, we got to remember those Frenchmen were our allies.

But there is allies and allies. I think perhaps I'll leave it at that. And I think I know a gentleman when I see one. Not that I say as Poincaré is no gentleman. Far from it. I'm sure he claims to be. *But how can you tell when they're French ?* B. M. H.

SPORT *of the* WEEK

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE UNITED SERVICES RUGBY FIFTEEN

Photographed outside the pavilion at Blackheath just before their match with "The Club," who beat them somewhat unmercifully by 31 points to nil. The loss of their two great half-backs, Kershaw and Davies, who are retiring from the game, is, of course, irreparable—though only, let us hope, for the time being

Photograph *Central News*

THE FASTEST SEAPLANE EVER

The American Naval Seaplane, piloted by Lieut. D. Rittenhouse, of the U.S. Navy, after her victory in record time in the race for the Schneider Cup at Cowes. The man seen standing on one of the floats in all the consciousness of consummate achievement is not the intrepid aviator himself, but one of his mechanics

Photograph] THE SURE TACKLE *[L. N. A.*

Which gets the man whatever may happen to the ball, exploited by one of the winners in the match in which the London Scottish beat the R. M. A., Woolwich, at Richmond, by 33 points to 5

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS K. E. LIDDERDALE

The distinguished lawn tennis and hockey player, who has recently become engaged to Captain A. V. Bridge, M.C., himself an expert lawn tennis player

Photograph *Th to Illus.*

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT

When the goal-keeper runs out and the forward shoots and no man can tell which is going to beat the other. The camera-man has cleverly caught the Surbiton goal-keeper and a Hampstead forward almost at the exact psychological moment in the course of the match between these two clubs. But what about the goal-keeper's stick?

Photograph *Sport and General*

CAPT. THE HON. F. E. GUEST

Who has been the outstanding player of the Hurlingham polo team in America. Against the Shelbourne team, whom they beat in the semi-final of the Waterbury Cup, he hit seven goals, but he could not save his side from defeat in the final by the famous Meadowbrook team.

Photograph *I.B.*

MISS JOAN HEXTALL

A young lawn tennis player of great promise who has recently—and more particularly at the London Country Club's tournament at Hendon last week—made a gradual but quite appreciable advance which will "speed up" as soon as she is able to put more vim into her backhanders

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

GENE SARAZEN (TITUSVILLE)

Winner of the Professional Golf Championship of America, played for on the Pelham Course, New York. He beat Walter Hagen in the final at the 38th hole

Photographs *I.B.*

THE FINALISTS

In the £750 professional competition, commonly known as the Match Play Championship, at Walton Heath. The winner, R. G. Wilson (Croham Hurst), (left), defeated, amongst others, A. G. Havers, whilst T. G. Renouf (Manchester) put out Abe Mitchell

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

A Real Staggerer

WHAT was the matter with Tranquil last week? It is quite certain that we did not see the best of her in the Jockey Club Stakes. Had she been "indulged" a little in her work after winning the St. Leger? Did "Brownie" Carslake make a trifle too much use of her in the race? These questions and many others were naturally asked by bewildered people after the race, but nobody could answer them definitely, and so we got no "forrarder" with the mystery. The truth is, I suppose, that fillies will always produce these extraordinary variations of form. You can't depend on 'em. One felt sorry for the dashing punters who laid the odds on Tranquil at Newmarket. She did look a certainty, if ever there was one. Fancy Inkerman beating her after his poor show at Ayr. Well, well!

The Cesarewitch

I FOUND at Newmarket last week a strong local fancy for London Cry in the Cesarewitch. It would be a splendid thing if this colt could win the great handicap for the King. Clearly he is a vastly improved animal, and even with his 10 lb. penalty his weight is in no sense prohibitive. This applies also to Ceinturon, who looks to have a reasonable chance of repeating the Yutoi double by winning the Cesarewitch as well as the Newbury Autumn Cup. His performance at Newbury was distinctly good in view of the fact that he lost some ground when Carslake broke a leather. At the moment of writing, there still seems to be plenty of confidence in Ceylonese, and there is certainly no trainer with a better line to long distance form than Reggie Day. I shall not at present bind myself down to a definite selection, but when I come to deal with the race finally, next week, I shall probably go either for Ceinturon or Ceylonese. It will be well not to bet on the Cambridgeshire until we see what happens in the Duke of York's Stakes.

Duke of York's Stakes

THIS week the big event is the Duke of York's Stakes at Kempton Park on Saturday. Pharos looks like starting a good favourite here. Somehow the favourites do not seem to win these high-class handicaps. The chances of such as Condover and Verdict cannot be despised if they run here instead of being kept for the Cambridgeshire. **Pharos** has always been a great favourite, and I can see no good reason for deserting him. As a second string, I take CONDOVER, who is likely to be worth backing each way. **Golden Boss** may win the big sprint on Friday, and I take **Purple Shade** for the nursery on the second day.

BY "THE TOUT"

MAJOR FETHERSTONHAUGH AND H. WRAGG

A caricature of the popular manager of the Royal Stable talking to Wragg. Perhaps they are discussing the chance of London Cry in the Cesarewitch

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

With How Many Packs?

IN the long evenings of the hunting season, the conversation after dinner often turns upon the number of different packs with which each man has ridden. There is always a certain amount of envy for the foxhunter who can claim the widest experiences. I wonder who holds the record. If you were to make it a sort of "weight-for-age" contest I suppose the Prince of Wales would very nearly top the list. He has had more than a glimpse of many of the best hunting countries in England. In polo, too, his experiences have been so extraordinarily varied as to be quite unique.

At Craven Lodge

IN the coming season the Prince of Wales expects to do the greater part of his hunting in Leicestershire. His headquarters will be Craven Lodge, Melton Mowbray, from which delightful centre he saw a good deal of fine sport with the Quorn and neighbouring packs in the latter half of last season. H.R.H., by the way, is sure to be grieved by the news of the death of his horse, Pet Dog, who was, perhaps, his favourite 'chaser. It was an extremely unfortunate affair. Pet Dog was following a mare at exercise one morning when she lashed out viciously at him. One of his forelegs was smashed, and he had to be destroyed—a melancholy end to a gallant performer.

H.R.H. in the Field

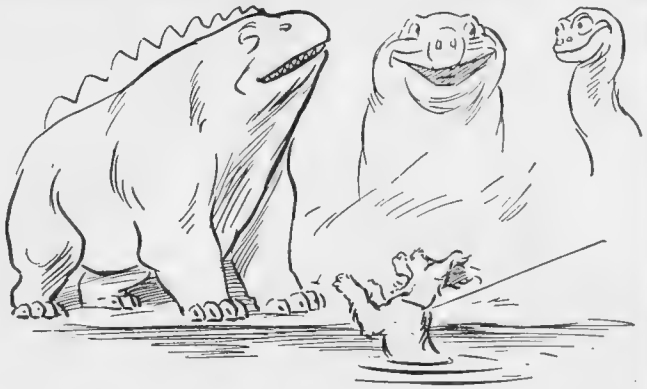
AN M.F.H. in the Midlands asked me a few days ago what I thought of all the publicity which is given to the Prince of Wales's foxhunting movements. I gather that from his point of view the photographing and the paragraphing, which are the inevitable accompaniment of the Prince's appearance with hounds, are to be deprecated. He complained that it was all rather harassing for the M.F.H. I politely sympathise with his point of view, but if a broad-minded view is taken of the situation, I do not think there is anything really harmful in it, after all. We all agree that H.R.H.'s unbounded enthusiasm for foxhunting is an excellent thing for the sport at large.

Good for the Sport

WHAT appeals so strongly to him is sure to appeal to other young sportsmen of the right type. Then, again, the farmers love to see the Prince on their land, and experience has shown that they will always make special efforts to take down the wire when they know that he is to ride in their country. I regard it, then, as a good thing for foxhunting at large that the Prince's part in the sport should receive full publicity.

At the Kennel Club Show

Wednesday was a perfect water spaniel's day. The dash for exercise in the rain soaked grounds was quite noticeable.



Particularly pathetic was the effort of one gun-dog to "retrieve" a dinosaur from the famous "prehistoric" lake.

Perplexed press-photographer

"Hang it all - just my luck. I've left my micro-scopic lens at the office"

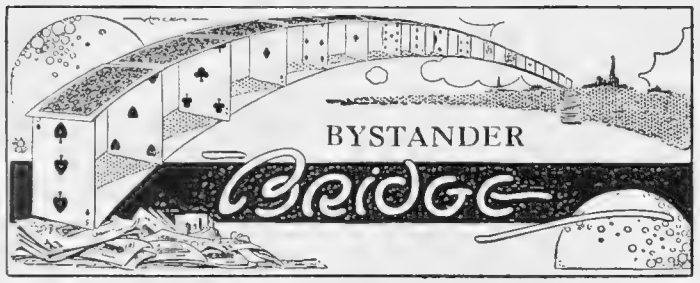
The soulful Saluki - or Arabian Gazelle Hound threatens to become the fashionable aristocrat of dogdom. He claims to be the forefather of all the greyhounds and holds the dogs' record for speed on any and every variety of ground.

History repeats itself — in the Egyptian Court

At least one of the official notices struck a somewhat nervous visitor as being just a trifle — well, unnecessary

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY, EVEN IF HE DOESN'T REALISE IT



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

OUR PROBLEM COMPETITION

A Bridge player at the Cercle d'Orient, Constantinople, used to be notorious for his frequent animadversions concerning the play of men who were unfortunate enough to be his partners.

On one occasion his partner was playing the hand, a call of three no trumps. After three or four tricks, dummy commenced a series of impatient ejaculations. His partner stolidly picked up trick after trick, regardless of the unmannerly interruptions. The critic fumed and fussed, and flung himself about in his chair. Still the player picked up the tricks until thirteen neat little packs were arranged in front of him. He looked up quietly and remarked, "I presume, sir, that you will desire to apologise." "N-n-not at all! Not at all!" stuttered the other. "I-I-I'd have played the hand in quite a different manner!"

. . . . . .

The prize of a Bystander Bridge Set has been awarded to the Rev. Canon F. C. Whitehouse, British Embassy, Constantinople, for the above story.

. . . . . .

This week I start a new series of Practical Play Problems, which, I hope, will prove popular with my readers. The problems will be varied and diversified, but all of them will be from actual play. In answering the problem given below, readers are asked to note that it is not a double dummy problem. It is not asserted that Z can go game for *certain*. But it is the kind of problem which confronts us at the Bridge table. What is the way to play the hand to give the best chance of game?

. . . . . .

As the hand occurred at a London Club it may interest solutionists to know that the player missed the game which, as the cards lay, he might have made. At the end of the hand he saw his mistake at once.

"I played it too quickly," he said. "If I had thought for a moment I should have seen it."

I give the problem not as presenting any very great difficulty—I have no doubt numbers of my readers will spot the solution at once—but because it illustrates one of those little points which one often misses in actual play.

. . . . . .

My request for suggestions for Bridge competitions did not produce anything startlingly original. Perhaps, indeed, originality in competitions is not required. Most of my readers seem to prefer bidding competitions and actual play hands. Not a single one asks for double dummy competitions, and of this I am glad, as they are most difficult to devise. They have to be invented laboriously and exactly. Interesting and ingenious as they are, and illuminative of the possibilities of trick-making, they do not, except for sharpening one's wits, help one much at the Bridge table. The situations given in them are generally artificial and such as are not likely to occur in actual play, and they generally involve discarding Aces and Kings so as to place the lead in a particular hand.

The best ideas for competitions were sent by Mr. C. G. Bull, of 40, Bramham Gardens, London, S.W. 5, to whom I am sending an autograph copy of my *Auction Bridge Made Clear*. Some of his suggestions will be adopted later.

. . . . . .

From Huddersfield comes a query about Law 63. My correspondent thinks that dummy can claim a revoke under Clause F, which states that he can "correct an erroneous score." He is wrong. A revoke is an error in the play of the hand, and the Law in question states that "dummy shall take no part whatever in the play," and that "if he call attention to any other incident in the play of the hand in respect of which any penalty might be exacted, the fact that he has done so shall deprive the declarer of the right of exacting such penalty against his adversaries."

. . . . . .

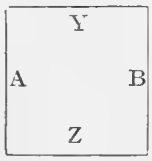
Dummy must not claim the revoke penalty. But if the declarer has claimed a revoke during the course of play and forgets it at the end of the hand when the score is being made up, dummy has the right to remind him of the revoke he has claimed. Another point: if dummy notices that his partner or an opponent is wrongfully gathering a trick which does not belong to him he can call attention to the fact. Dummy's rights and duties are insufficiently realised by many players, who have a bad habit of leaving the table as soon as their cards are down, under the mistaken impression that they have nothing further to do.

PRACTICAL PLAY PROBLEMS, No. 1

(New Series of Competitions)

Score—Game all.

S—9, 8, 2
H—K, Q, 9, 8, 6, 5
D—Q, 4
C—J, 7



S—A, K, Q, 10, 5
H—7
D—10, 2
C—A, K, 10, 9, 6

Z deals and calls "One Spade." A and Y pass. B calls "Two Diamonds." Z calls "Two Spades." All pass.

A opens a Diamond, and B makes first two tricks with King and Ace of Diamonds.

At trick 3, B leads 8 of Clubs.

How should Z play the hand to give himself the best chance of game?

Prizes are offered of three Bystander Bridge Sets, value one guinea each. These sets consist of two packs of cards with scoring boards in a handsome leather case. The following conditions must be observed: (1) Replies must be received not later than first post on Tuesday, October 16. (2) Not more than one solution may be sent by any one competitor. Every competitor must give full name and address, but pseudonyms may be used. (3) All solutions should be addressed to Bridge No 1, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C. 4. My decision on the problems must be regarded as final, and no correspondence on the Competitions can be entered into. Prizes will be allotted to the senders of the first three correct solutions opened on the closing date.

Old Whisky in a new bottle

Said the new P.D. Bottle to the old one:

"Well, you've had a fine long innings, old man, but now it is my turn."

The old bottle regarded the 'brambles' and 'dimples' of the newcomer with a critical eye.

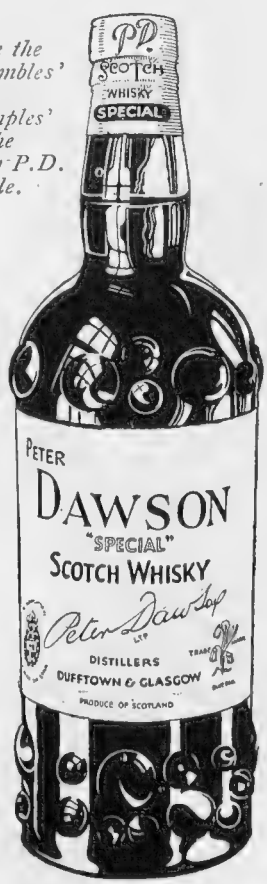
"Yes," he remarked, "I've certainly had a long run, and a good one. I have made many friends and travelled many countries. But why the change?"

"The reason is that you are too easily duplicated, old man. In some countries unscrupulous people have been known to affix imitation Peter Dawson labels to bottles shaped like you, and by this means to pass off inferior whisky as P.D."

"But they can still do the same."

"Don't you believe it, old Straightsides," laughed the new bottle. "It may be fairly easy to imitate P.D. labels, but to make a peculiar bottle like me presents a formidable difficulty to the imitator."

Note the 'brambles' and 'dimples' on the New P.D. Bottle.



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PICTURE PLAYS

AS SEEN FROM THE STALLS

"THE COVERED WAGON"
AT THE LONDON PAVILION

The Covered Wagon, now at the London Pavilion, is the most magnificent piece of motion picture architecture the screen has yet realised. I say this deliberately, keeping fully in mind the grandeur of Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation* and the glory of Douglas Fairbanks' *Robin Hood*.

In *motif*, *The Covered Wagon* is inspiring. It unfolds the epic story of the workaday heroism of those pioneers, who, in the "roaring forties," packed their homes on ox-drawn wagons and set out across two thousand miles of American desert, to build their homes anew in Oregon. It shows those men of the plough, the torch-bearers of civilisation, facing, fighting and vanquishing river floods, forest fires, hostile Indians and literal starvation. It reveals, in a setting of plain and prairie, the unconquerable spirit that led Cook to Australia, Livingstone to the heart of Darkest Africa, and Scott to his grave in the Eternal Silence of the Great White Antarctic.

And this story of Anglo-Saxon heroism is told with a majesty and a vastness hitherto unattained on the screen. The first shots, showing the great wagon train stretched miles across the desert, seemingly from our feet to the far horizon, is the greatest moment yet captured by the photo-play.

But perhaps the most remarkable fact about this motion picture is the manner in which it not only compels admiration, but also insinuates itself into our sympathies. Those who see this picture will not be just spectators. Unconsciously they will join the pioneers of the plough. They, too, will set out on that perilous adventure: they will share every danger, every sorrow and every joy of the road. This is, I think, the reason why *The Covered Wagon* will be a wonderful success in all countries, and the credit for this sympathetic quality is due wholly to the amazingly human portrayal of the scout, Jackson, by Ernest Torrence, who will be remembered by many Londoners as a brilliant graduate of the Royal College of Music and a leading singer in English light opera. Quality of acting is a matter of taste, and superlatives are perilous, but I have no hesitation in saying Ernest Torrence's Jackson is the greatest individual characterisation of the screen. On its merits, *The Covered Wagon* will run at the London Pavilion right through the winter.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"
AT THE EMPIRE

For sweethearts rather than cynics, *Little Old New York*, now at the Empire Theatre, is a photo-play of extraordinary charm. One may not scrutinise too closely the slender foundations of its plot, or analyse too minutely several of the more critical situations in this romance. The heroine belongs much more to fairyland than to the world in which we live; but this work of film art is so delicately framed in an exquisite old world atmosphere that its occasional lapses from validity may well be forgiven. *Little Old New York* is a charming love story of New York more than a century ago, when the Vanderbilt of the day was the owner of a modest ferry; when one Delmonico had just opened a modest restaurant; when Washington Irving was a gay young man about town; when John Jacob Astor was laying the foundations of a real estate business, and when Robert Fulton was inventing the first commercially successful steamboat.

Marion Davies, as Patricia O'Day, a beautiful Irish girl, compelled by her father to impersonate her dead brother as heir to a great fortune, gives a performance as perfectly elf-like as it is possible to imagine. The touches of rather vulgar materialism which marred her impersonation of Mary Tudor in *When Knighthood Was In Flower* are here all shorn away. Patricia O'Day is a characterisation which unfolds with the beauty of a flower. It is a lyrical piece of work, so intelligently conceived as to mark out Marion Davies as one of the very few actresses having a real conception of the nature of screen art.

"IT ALL COMES RIGHT IN THE END"
The happy ending to "Little Old New York," when Patricia O'Day reveals her real identity to Larry Delavan, who realises he has fallen in love with her. It is just the ending that one could wish for this charmingly romantic and gaily ingenuous film. Marion Davies and Harrison Ford make Patricia and Larry a most attractive pair of lovers

Infinite credit for the beauty of this production must be given also to Sidney Olcott, the director, who never once seems to have forgotten he was looking through magic casements, and ever seems to have known the vision would vanish if, for a moment, he ceased to direct the picture with a song in his heart. He has been notably successful in introducing delicious touches of comedy, especially in his staging of a burlesque prize fight, a low comedy incident handled with such good taste and gaiety as to be a classic illustration of screen-craft.

The musical accompaniment, arranged by Victor Herbert, is a model of all that motion picture accompaniment ought to be.

W. A. M.

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Birds About Town

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

BILL SPARROW *(to glum friend)*: "Cheer up, Bruce. To judge from the—er—spoils of the chase, it looks like being a good 'untin' season this year"

Blanchette in Melodramaland

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *October* 8

DEAR COUSIN—

IF you didn't live in dear old England, what country d'you think you'd choose? Must say, meself, of all the climes and quarters I know, I do b'lieve I should quite cert'nly and rapidly and *sans* any sort of hesitation select that too utterly fascinating region Melodramaland.

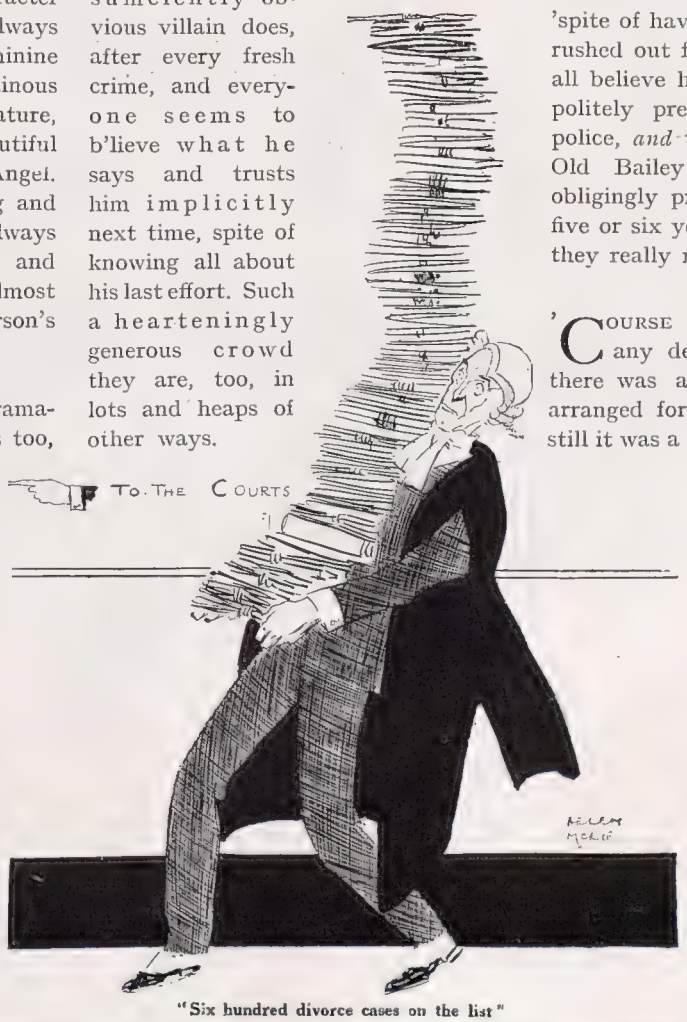
WHERE, for one thing, life's so altogether and refreshingly straight and simple. No horrid tiresome niggling little *nuances* 'bout it, no greys and half-tones and wistful wonderings about whether anything's right or wrong, for instance. Black's black and white's just white, same as when we were children, and before we ever started worrying about the reasons of things, or suspecting anyone of mixed motives and so on.

RIGHT from the very start you know who's who and what's what, and everybody lives just exactly up (or down) to his or her character all the time. Hero and heroine always properly heroic, and villain and feminine thereof completely and utterly villainous without one single redeeming feature, 'cept for their 'spensive and beautiful clothes by Reville or Morris Angel. Does save such a lot of thinking and worrying, doesn't it, when you always know precisely where you are and what to expect, and even, almost always, what the other person's going to say?

AT least, I s'pose the Melodramalanders 'emselves must guess too, just as we mere outsiders do, who only gaze enviously at them from outside. And yet, you know, they're so 'straordinarily quixotic and conscientiously determined to follow all the rules, not sure they wouldn't abs'lutely refuse to do anything so underhand as to go and draw deductions or things of that sort from what anyone else had done before.

TAKE the Drury Lane ones, *par exemple*, in that altogether superb and delightful *Good Luck* that you can't help loving and admiring till you pos'tively shake with emotion, and the tears of sympathetic joy run well-nigh hysterically down along the *poudre Morny* on your cheeks. In mere sordid humdrum matter-of-fact England he might have got quite unpopular, not to say almost disliked, after a bit—Mr. D'Arcy Bristowe, I mean (otherwise Julian Royce), when he'd done a bit of blackmailing, and tried to do in the Earl in a motor smash, and abducted the heroine, and one or two other little things. But in Melodramaland they don't let little matters like *that* count, not one bit.

"Completely and utterly villainous"

BOBS up serenely, every time, this smooth and suave and (you'd have thought) sufficiently obvious villain does, after every fresh crime, and everyone seems to b'lieve what he says and trusts him implicitly next time, spite of knowing all about his last effort. Such a hearteningly generous crowd they are, too, in lots and heaps of other ways.

"Six hundred divorce cases on the list"

WHEN, *e.g.*, the super-villain has killed the sub-villain with a spanner so's to make it appear that the Earl's committed the crime, and everyone (including the Earl himself) b'lieve's he must have done the dastardly deed, in steps, promptly, the hero. "I did it," he nobly remarks, 'spite of having only just that moment rushed out from the house. And they all believe him, apparently, or anyway politely pretend to—and so do the police, *and* the judge and jury at the Old Bailey too, and p'litely and obligingly proceed to sentence him to five or six years in prison just to show they really mean it.

'COURSE they couldn't really with any decency refuse, seeing that there was a Parkhurst Prison scene arranged for the very next act. But still it was a kind of indulgent courtesy, full of old-world charm, so to speak, that I don't believe you could ever safely count on getting here in England now. And same thing, too, with the parson in *What Money Can Buy* at the Lyceum, over the way.

THE heroine, poor girl, who's trying hard to take the right turning, has been getting herself in rather a horrid mess through no fault

"They're bringing in high-heeled shoes for men"

of her own. Nearly abducted to start with, and then gets mixed up in a jewel robbery, and finishes up by being pinched for a midnight murder, on the very good ground that she wasn't in her own bedroom at the time. "No," cries the young and handsome and highly respectable parson—a gentleman in every sense of the word, as Mr. Le Queux puts it in his latest mystery thriller, *Where the Desert Ends*—"she was not in *her* room, because she was in *mine!*" And, of course, in Melodramaland no one ever dreams of more than one reason why she *was* there.

And in the end, mark you, dear cousin, there's the real poetic justice that we in mere England can only just wistfully yearn for as a beautiful dream. Everybody gets just what he or she deserves (according to local standards, that is) absolutely and without fail. The villain gets a pair of handcuffs and the hero his heroine, and serve 'em both right. I don't know which'd be more uncomfortable to live with—but then, that's by mere England standards, you know. And the benevolent bookie and the sporting lady with the Heart of Gold both win tons of money over the horse that was nearly scratched, and even the Earl, who cert'nly did let his pal down rather badly, lives, we gather, quite happily ever after. But then, Earls in both countries, seem to be excused quite a lot—what?

Oh, the perfectly lovely frocks they wear in Melodramaland, too, from the wonderful creations for next year's Ascot—when all the hats, 'parently, are going to be pos'tively monstrous size—to the exquisite teagown, or words to that effect, that the heroine wears on the deck of the yacht in the blinding storm they get wrecked in. And there's one evening gown of Ellis Jeffreys', especially, black coat-of-mail and beads, with lots of *diamanté*, that . . . but hush, no more of this. We must hie us back, I s'pose, to mere reality, where there's no one much—'cept Signor Mussolini—to remind us of the sweet and simple joys of Melodramaland. . . .

Not that our own little England of to-day is so 'tirely devoid of sensations, either—quite apart from all the lovely dances and things that are gathering thicker and thicker, I mean. Six hundred divorce cases on the list, and they're talking of bringing in high-heeled shoes for men, and all sorts of bad, bold things being said about religion and the Church by bad, bold young scientists like Mr. Julian Huxley, not to mention even parsons within the very fastnesses of the Church Congress itself. One of whom has even been venturing to declare that "the world is very tired of the Church's unreasoned negative commands."

"Busily holding an Imperial conference"

Talking of parties, some really very nice ones they've been having this week, 'cluding, 'mong other things, a perfectly good American Day this last Saturday as ever was at the London Country Club, that pleasant and luxurious resort down Hendon way, where they held a special golf tournament and dances and all the rest of it in honour of the U.S.A. and Canada. Whither, of course, by the way, we've just sent Mr. Lloyd George as a quite unofficial Ambassador to tell 'em, I 'spose, all about sunrise over the Welsh hill-tops and his new book, *Is It Peace?* And he'll come back, I 'spect—he's so adaptable—all nicely Americanised and with one of those cute little accents that you can cut into nice slices with a knife and describe to *us* how the moon sets over the Rockies or the Adirondacks . . .

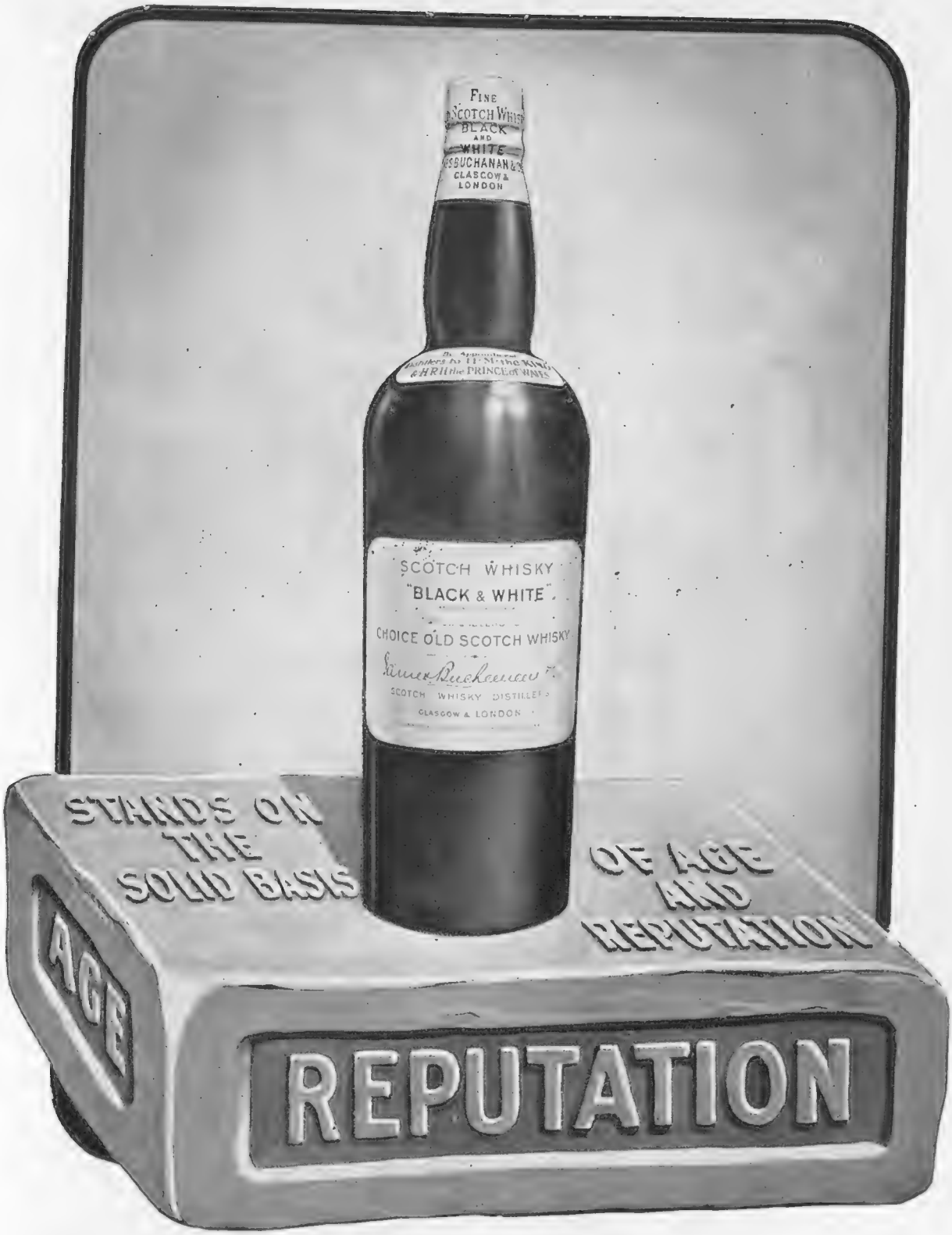
And meanwhile in his absence we're doing all our little best to "look after the old country"—to quote his parting words. Busily holding our Imperial Conference, for one thing, we are, and have arranged for the Co-Optimists to appear at the Prince of Wales's again this week, which is even more important still for the welfare and gaiety of nations, as they say.

Such a nice little new revue we've got on at the Little Theatre, too, with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge doing all sorts of clever character sketches, and, "Yes, we have no . . ." arranged as a perfect scream of an oratorio, and a dress parade with frocks by Reville and Lucile and all. "The good die young—they're bored to death," someone says in *Yes!* at the Vaudeville. Thank *le bon Dieu* we're bad, then!

With love,

yours ever,

Blanchette



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IN THE ROYAL ADELPHI "CIRCUS"

Miss Cecile Stevens, who is appearing in the new musical comedy, "Head Over Heels," at the Adelphi. As one of the members of a circus with whose experiences the play deals, Miss Stevens proves a distinct asset to any circus—or musical comedy

Femina

APROPOS SILK STOCKINGS

By "CANDIDA"

SOMETIMES I think how nice it is to be quite a nobody, free to air all sorts of impossible opinions, and to commit, unwatched, any idiocy—within the law. Kings and Queens are supposed to sigh in vain for such a freedom, though one rather wonders. . . . It may be boring to be born great, but it has its compensations. Public men, whose lightest word gets into print, delicately hint that a very private life is the goal of their ambitions—which ambition, I notice, they take no pains to gratify until they must. And yet, think how inconvenient never to be able to change one's mind, like the rest of us, always to stick to the what I - have - said - I - have - said principle, even when one reads (if one does read them), the platitudinous pomposities which one is supposed to have uttered to a disconcerting person with a note-book and pencil. In England, I notice, we don't commit ourselves. Our opinions (in print) might be, no doubt are, manufactured by the score by any average interviewer without disturbing himself, or the interviewed. It is only in France that ministers and people commit *bévues*, not for love—that's been done ever since the world began—but for preaching's sake.

FOR instance, a well-known politician, discussing the economic situation, or the birth-rate, or something important like that, wound up with this priceless remark: "I wish," said he, "that our girls were taught to reinforce the heels of their new stockings as our mothers did years ago. Prevention is better than cure, and the darning of holes would thus be avoided. . . ." Darning holes! Reinforcing heels! Whoever heard of such old-fashioned, Early-Victorian, antedeluvian methods of wasting twentieth-century time? Where has he lived? What has he seen? Not real stockings on modern feet, anyway, or he would have noticed that there is all the difference in the world between the good stout stocking that his mother wore (only because she couldn't get anything better), and its degenerate descendant.

I CAN hardly remember when the change crept in, when the silk stockings, which were worn only on high days and holidays and party-nights, became every-day happenings; when the good old cashmere first disappeared, and the ever dependable lisle was mentioned no more; nor when it first swooped down upon us that vast army of the real silk, and the still vaster one of the would-be silk stockings, the artificial silk and the wood-pulp business, the "near-silk," the "sylko," the "silkyne," the "silkette," and the mercerised tribe from one and eleven pence halfpenny upwards. I only know that not to wear them and be gossamery and transparent about the feet is to write yourself down a frump of frumps. And, apparently, the size of your ankle does not matter half as much as the mesh that you clothe it in.

CONSIDERING that one is always hunting for a stocking that's as diaphanous as a cobweb, and that wear isn't even mentioned, our young things would be mightily astonished if anyone preached to them about reinforcing heels and things. Heels, to begin with, are not the vulnerable points. It's the "ladders" that run with alarming rapidity all over the most conspicuous places that make the wearing of silk stockings quite a perilous adventure. You leave your front door *sans peur et sans reproche*, at any rate *sans* inconvenient ventilations about the feet, and half an hour later the worst has happened, and you're lucky if there is any would-be, silky gossameriness left by the time you're in a position to "change them."

NOW if that well-meaning politician had mentioned "ladders" instead of talking about the reinforcing of heels, there might have been some point in his discourse. But, doubtless, he'd never heard of them, nor even seen them. People who preach never do *see* things, they just conjecture. It saves them a lot of trouble. And, anyway, we've invented a machine to mend those "ladders." We know better than to ask any young thing to waste her precious youth over stockings.

ALL the same it's a pity that the would-be silk stocking is made so like the genuine article. It rather takes the flavour out of the real thing. The other day a very great lady, who, like many of her august kind, doesn't look the part, went into a shop and asked for stockings, just stockings; so, of course, they produced silk. "Show me wool," she commanded. "My maids wear these—this sort of thing."

AS HERSELF

Miss Cecilia Loftus as she appears when she is not giving one of her clever impersonations of other theatrical celebrities. Her versatility in this direction is so marked that it is quite a change to see Miss Loftus in the rôle of—Miss Loftus!

A Hundred, Not Out

On October 6 was published the Centenary Number of that famous stand-by of the medical profession, the *Lancet*. This greatly enlarged number deals with the changes which this popular medical journal has witnessed since it was first founded, down to the present day, and contains many interesting articles and features dealing with the *Lancet's* fortunes in by-gone days.

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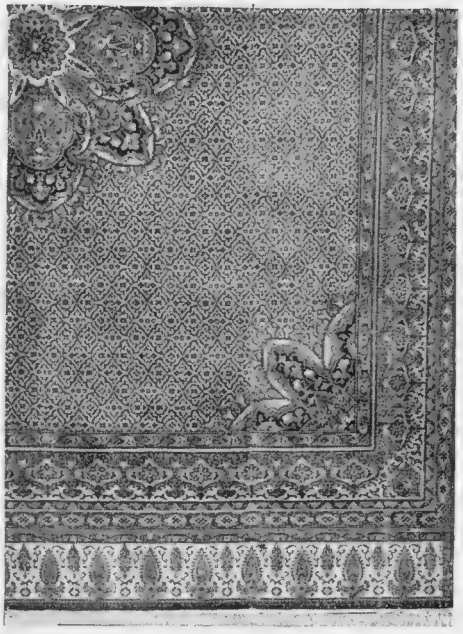

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WHO IS OUR MOST POPULAR ACTOR?

THE BYSTANDER'S NEW VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

£500 in Cash Prizes to Our Readers

WHEN THE BYSTANDER started its recent ballot to determine who was the most popular actress, the interest aroused was so great that some two hundred thousand votes were polled. When the last vote had finally been checked, and the result had been announced, many readers felt that it was a pity that this theatrical "General Election" should be confined solely to the distaff side of "the profession."

"Let us have an opportunity to settle who is our most popular *actor*," they begged. Now the opportunity which they have been seeking is at hand, and this momentous question is to be settled through the popular vote of our readers themselves.

THE CANDIDATES.

WHICH of these well-known actors are *your* favourites? They are named here in alphabetical order. To win a big cash prize choose the ten you like best and fill in their names on the voting paper on page 3 of the cover.

THEATRE		APPEARING IN
His Majesty's	Henry Ainley	"Hassan"
Adelphi	W. H. Berry	"Head Over Heels"
	Jack Buchanan ..	
Wyndham's ..	Sir Gerald du Maurier	"The Dancers"
Royalty ..	Dennis Eadie	"At Mrs. Beam's"
	Leslie Faber	
Winter Garden	George Grossmith	"The Beauty Prize"
On Tour ..	Sir John Martin Harvey	
Winter Garden	Leslie Henson	"The Beauty Prize"
On Tour ..	Seymour Hicks ..	
	Matheson Lang	
	Alfred Lester	
Haymarket ..	Robert Loraine	"The Prisoner of Zenda"
Comedy ..	Norman McKinnel ..	"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
On Tour ..	Owen Nares	
His Majesty's	Leon Quartermaine ..	"Hassan"
	George Robey	
On Tour ..	Aubrey Smith	
On Tour ..	Fred Terry	
Strand ..	Arthur Wontner	"The Eye of Siva"

Voting papers will appear each week up to December 26. Save all these, for you may send as many as you like. Induce your friends to vote for your favourites or collect their voting papers and fill them in yourself. You will thus have more chances of winning a prize.

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and 20 Prizes of £5 each

to readers who succeed in giving correctly, or most nearly correctly, a list of ten actors in the order voted by the majority to be the most popular.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO—

Is very simple. A BYSTANDER Selection Committee has chosen twenty actors (whose names and photographs appear on this and the two succeeding pages) as being most representative of the leading stage favourites of to-day.

Go through these very carefully, and select and vote for (see voting paper on page 3 of cover) the ten actors who stand highest in your affections. Fill in their names on the voting paper. The decision will be made by popular vote. The ten actors, of the twenty named above, receiving the most votes will be accepted as the most popular.

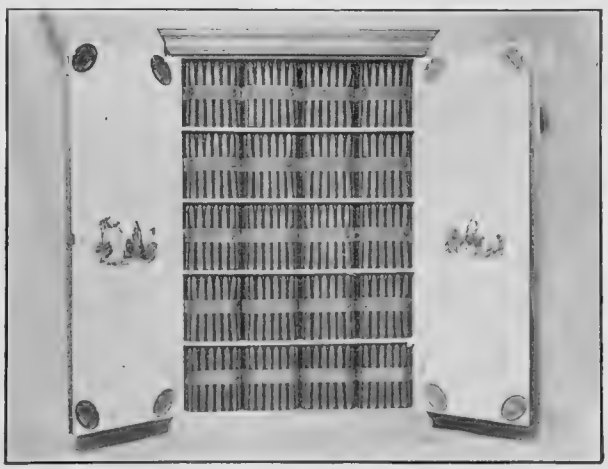
The first prize of £250 cash will be awarded to the reader whose voting list, in correct order, most nearly approximates to the ten favourites voted the most popular. The second prize of £100 will go to the sender of the next most nearly correct voting list—and so on.

The competition will remain open for twelve weeks—the closing date being December 31—so that the many enthusiasts abroad who, during our recent Most Popular Actress Competition, complained that they had not sufficient time to enter, will now have ample opportunity to compete.

Readers may send in as many voting papers as they wish, singly or in batches, but each must be filled in and cut from THE BYSTANDER. Further voting papers will appear each week in the succeeding issues of THE BYSTANDER up to and including that of December 26.

You may collect voting papers from your friends and fill them in yourself. This will help to ensure a greater measure of success for your own favourites, and at the same time give you more opportunities to win a large portion of that £500. *There is no entrance fee*, nor is there any need to mutilate the pages of your BYSTANDER as photographs must *not* be sent.

You have no trouble other than to fill in the voting papers each week and to post them when you choose, but in time to reach us not later than December 31. Cut out your voting paper neatly and address it to:—THE ORGANISER, "MOST POPULAR ACTOR ELECTION," THE BYSTANDER, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.



'STARS" OF THE CIGAR WORLD

To the "star" who receives the greatest number of votes, and is thus acclaimed the most popular actor of the day, "The Bystander," on behalf of a great host of admirers, will present a souvenir gift as a token of their regard and esteem. This will take the form of a cabinet of 1,000 of the famous La Corona "Corona" cigars similar to the one seen above. The cigars which will go to make up this gift have been specially prepared for "The Bystander" at the La Corona Factory in Havana

WHO IS OUR MOST

WHO WILL

We all find that there is one actor who makes a different and more pronounced appeal to us than does any other. Although wants to find which actor makes the widest appeal to play-goers, and is offering £500 in prizes

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Warwick Brookes, Navana, Maull and Fox, F. A. Swaine Ernest

POPULAR ACTOR?

HEAD THE POLL?

e may not be able to define exactly what this subtle something is, yet we are very conscious of its presence. "The Bystander" order to discover him. Read the rules on the preceding page and then register your vote.

Mills, Vaughan and Freeman, Malcolm Arbuthnot, Claude Harris, Dorothy Wilding, Crailey and Hana.

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

You hear frequent complaints from those whose lives appear to be running on too monotonous lines, that romance and adventure never come their particular way. For them there are only the ordinary things to be done in the ordinary way, and "what's the good of it all, anyhow?" If only they had money, or belonged elsewhere — what fascinating things might not happen! And yet, did they but know it, romance may be lying on that proverbial doorstep at home. Some such idea lies at the back of Mr. Guy Rawlence's new novel, *Mockery* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which is a very good piece of work, worthy to be judged by high standards. The young Curralls ask for romance, and get it—in Spain, where the castles come from; but it is not the real thing, and they are glad to return to "ordinary" things. Mr. Rawlence's work has a quiet distinction of its own, and his characterisation is excellent. *Mockery* will certainly increase his reputation.

❀

There are detectives and detectives in fiction. The Sherlockian tradition persists, though the dressing-gown and the cocaine and even the Watson may be ignored. It is, however, no longer necessary to pretend that the police are invariably bunglers, and a "detective-story" may be dramatic, even if the reader is not being constantly led to suspect the wrong man. It may be that you will be a little puzzled by Mr. Ernest Bramah's new book, *The Eyes of Max Carrados* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), but only at first. Carrados is blind, but his other senses are all the more acute on that account. The "cases" which come his way are not of the usual magazine kind. You are not continually kept "on the guess." There is crime, of course, and mysteries galore, but in this most fascinating book it is not the disappearance of an actress or the affair of poisoned mushrooms which rouses your enthusiasm so much as the queer unexpectedness of Mr. Bramah's whole method. He goes his own way, and at his own pace. His writing with its faint irony and its delicate rhythm, will delight you. He, you may remember, was the author of the Kai Lung books, two volumes of stories which those who ask for good things are never tired of re-reading. And his Carrados book is a proof that a detective-story, like an historical romance or a tale of high love, can belong to literature proper. R. S.

Photograph *Hoppé*

DANSE RUSSE

A striking study of Anton Dolin, a young dancer who is rapidly coming to the fore. He created quite a sensation by his dancing at the Albert Hall some months ago, and is now appearing with Mme. Nicolaeva and the Russian Art Dancers at the Palladium

The Journal of the H.A.C.

The first number of this regimental magazine has reached us in the shape of the *Journal of the Honourable Artillery Company*. It deals in the fullest manner with every phase of the Regiment's activities, grave and gay, and is publishing in serial form the specially written War History of the Regiment. It may interest any member or ex-member of the Regiment, whose eye this may catch—especially those overseas—to know that this journal will appear monthly, and is obtainable from the Secretary, Armoury House, E.C., for the modest sum of one shilling.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

Marionettes

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

Although they call it the land of the free, it contrives to be very expensive. Lest one may imagine that Liberty is an illusion, it is established as a concrete fact in a Statue

Americans love huge banquets. They have a strange habit of singing during meal times instead of in their bath.

They adore making speeches. So do some Englishmen. Both, apparently, enjoy platitudes as much as *pâté-de-foie-gras*.

The average American has so much to say that he seldom finds time to listen.

Why is it that men who have nothing to say insist on taking so long to say it?

Prohibition is a farce with tragic interludes. Some of the whisky tastes like corked petrol.

If one is not mean one can be merry on sweet champagne at £5 a bottle.

The surface of the roads is good, when one can see it, but as a rule it is covered with Flivvers.

"Bananas" is always pronounced "bannannos." It is impossible, however, to purchase a real American dictionary. They are all printed in English.

Socially the millionaire class are wonderfully generous and spend money lavishly; but they have yet to learn how to spend leisure.

In domestic life America is a nation of sentimentalists, governed by women.

The New York women are wonderfully pretty. And it doesn't matter about beauty being only skin-deep, because one cannot see their skins for make-up.

Some Americans are really charming, but many are very crude. Subtlety is seldom understood.

At present America is a fruitful nursery for tens of millions of mental babies.

The women dress well. The men dress deplorably. With few exceptions they have not the faintest idea of style. There is no note of individuality. They all look as if turned out of a mould.

In the stalls of the theatres only about one man in every ten wears evening clothes. At the Ritz-Carlton, the Platza, the Vanderbilt and the Plantation, less than half. When they wear evening clothes they don't know how to carry them; they are too self-conscious. Their dinner suits are beastly affairs, and their tail-coats little better. And the joke is a suit costs between £30 and £40.

All the best dressed men in America get their clothes made in the West End of London. In one thing at least England can claim absolute supremacy. Bond Street produces the best men's clothes in the world. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. 0d. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. 0d. Dress Suits from £16 16s. 0d. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s. 0d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Try *this* kind —— it's much better

If you knew of a shaving cream which excels all other shaving soaps in five important ways, would you try it?

We have such a cream. We offer you:—

1. A soap that multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. A soap that acts in one minute. No finger rubbing, hot towels, or waiting. Just apply it and carry on.
3. A lather that maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Bubbles that keep the hairs upright so the razor goes *through* them and not *over*.
5. A soap that leaves the face in fine condition, because of the palm and olive oils.

Possibly you use another soap. It satisfies you, perhaps. But give us a hearing, please. Try our cream at our expense. Post the coupon now.

PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream

10 Shaves Free

The Palmolive Co. (of England) Ltd., Dept S.C., 21 & 23, Eagle St., High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

Please send me FREE a 10 shave tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

B. Oct. 10 P.98E

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW JUMPER BLOUSE FOR PRESENT WEAR

***Useful Sports Jumper Blouse** in artificial silk, striped in effective colourings, made on ample lines, with collar which can be worn open or closed. In Dark Saxe, Purple, Royal, Fawn, Champagne, or White.*

PRICE 29/6

Write for new illustra'ed Fur Booklet, post free.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Five New Ways

To whiter, cleaner, safer teeth

Dental science has been seeking ways to better tooth protection.

All old methods proved inadequate. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Very few escaped them. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Dental research found the causes, then evolved five new ways to correct them.

The chief enemy

The chief tooth enemy was found to be film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stops there.

Food stains, etc., discolour it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Most teeth are thus clouded more or less.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth and the acids may cause decay.

Much left intact

Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact, to cloud the teeth, and night and day affect them.

Two ways were found to fight that film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring. Able authorities proved those methods effective. They were embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent, and dentists the world over began to urge its use.

Other essentials

Other effects were found necessary, and ways were discovered to bring them. All are now embodied in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protector.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

It polishes the teeth so film less easily adheres.

Prettier teeth came to millions

One result is prettier teeth. You see them everywhere—teeth you envy, maybe. But that is only a sign of cleaner, safer teeth. Film-coats, acids and deposits are effectively combated.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant which whitens, cleans, and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over. Sold in two sizes—2/- & 1/3.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1054

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
(Dept. 153), 42, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

Address .....

Give full address. Write plainly
Only one tube to a family.

Bystander, 10.10

MOTOR NOTES

A NEW OVERLAND FROM OVERSEAS

The Blue Bird Overland, the latest type of the well-known Overland cars which are manufactured in Toronto by British labour. The Blue Bird seen above has just reached the summit of the famous Sychnant Pass during its trials in North Wales, where, living up to its name, it took the hills "like a bird"

THOUGH petrol is down in price to the moderate figure of 1s. 6½*d.* per gallon, motorists should still be mindful to take every possible care that their cars consume the smallest possible quantity of spirit in their running. Consequently, the offer of Messrs. S. Wolf and Co., Ltd., to fit a Solex carburettor on any car for a thirty days' free trial to prove its economical carburation properties is well worth considering by most car-owners. That the Solex gives full power as well as economical running was evidenced in the Touring Grand Prix race in France recently, when the Mathis cars gained a wonderful victory, taking both first and second places, fitted with Solex mixture makers. The performance was excellent, as these cars covered 182 miles, winning at an average speed of 48 miles per hour, with a consumption of fuel slightly better than 46 miles to the gallon. Sunbeams also fitted these carburettors when they won the French Grand Prix at 75.3 miles per hour, gaining also the second and fourth places, so these "two litre" cars developed a high horse-power for so small an engine. After all, a fuel consumption, as in the case of the Solex fitted on the Mathis, that gives full speed at a cost of ¾*d.* for fuel per every two miles, is worthy a trial on most cars.

* * *

EVERYTHING points to lower cost in the use of motor vehicles to-day, as better carburation, cheaper fuel and cheaper tyres are further aided by lighter coachwork being applied to the chassis. Naturally, the reduction of load to be hauled is an important factor in economical motoring. At the forthcoming Olympia Car Show quite a number of different makes of chassis will be exhibited, fitted with the new Weymann bodies, a light saloon that only weighs 5½ cwt. Whereas in the usual enclosed carriage the coachwork is heavy and built as solid as possible, the Weymann saloon, or enclosed drive type of body, is constructed on entirely opposite lines. In fact, the timbers do not actually touch one another, a space of a few millimetres separating them, so there is no chance of squeaks or rattles developing. Mr. T. C. Weymann, the inventor, has taken the fable of the oak and the reed as his guide, and this reed-like body of his design certainly bends to the storm of wear, but neither breaks nor creaks. The result was most satisfactory when tested on a Darracq over very rough roads, for the shocks were negligible, yet not even shock-absorbers had been fitted to the standard springing. Its lightness is due to the substitution of fabric panels in place of metal ones, and building the body direct on to the chassis frames instead of dropping the complete coachwork on it, which is the usual fashion.

(*Continued on page 150*

ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACES

Further particulars sent free upon request.

BY APPOINTMENT

Pearls

IN the year 1883 the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company were awarded a Gold Medal and Diploma at the Fisheries Exhibition for the finest collection of Pearls exhibited. This high standard has always been maintained, and to-day the Company's collection of Pearls is one of the finest and permits the utmost freedom of choice at prices which represent the best value obtainable.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. the King.

112 Regent Street, London, W.1

112 G&S CO. LTD. 112

EXTREME VALUE in BEST-CLASS CARS

The 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall at the chassis price of £695 enables one to have a full-sized and full-powered closed motor carriage of the best English construction for little more than £1000. The power developed exceeds 60 b.h.p. (tax but £23). The body space is 8 ft. 8 in. The highest refinement of running is ensured by the action of the Lanchester harmonic balancer.

Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

Ask for particulars of the Vauxhall closed-body range, 23-60 h.p. and 14-40 h.p. models

23-60 h.p. Vauxhall 'Sutherland' cabriolet, £1170. To seat seven. Salisbury limousine £1220. Warwick landaulette £1195.

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW Nov. 2-10 STAND 177

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED, LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE
LONDON: 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1
Telephone: Museum 8216 (3 lines) Telegrams: Whirling Phone London
London Agents: Shaw & Kilburn Ltd., 20 Conduit St., W.1. (Tel. Mayfair 6210)

"Sparling Cut"
Out-of-the-Rut

ALL ages meet at Sparling's—the young man who finds that "Sparling Cut" clothes express the spirit of youth—the older man who feels young largely because his clothes possess that "Sparling Cut" Personality.

Remember that each little item means something in making the finished article "Sparling Cut" the acme of tailoring perfection—the nicely-placed pockets, the exclusive cut of the rever, the correct placing of the waist line, the graceful fullness over the hip resulting in that barrel effect only possessed in "Sparling Cut" clothes.

Maybe you're in rather a hurry. If so, the "Sparling Cut" ready-to-wear section will undoubtedly make its appeal to you, which includes *that "something different" "Sparling Cut" raincoat at sixty-three shillings.*

"SPARLING CUT" Black Jacket & Vest 4 Gns.
"SPARLING CUT" Lounge Suit - - 5½ Gns.
"SPARLING CUT" Evening Dress - 7½ Gns.

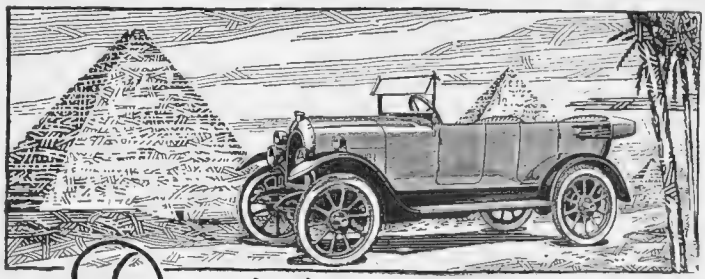
L. SPARLING

"The Sparling Cut—Out of the Rut."

Write for patterns of Season's Materials and Illustrated Booklet, sent gratis and post free. If passing, call in.

142, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. *City 4272*
127, FENCHURCH ST., E.C. *Ave. 2127*
LONDON . . . . E.C.

"SPARLING CUT"
Overcoat, D.B. Style, 2-button Front, show 3, D.B. Lapels, Jetted or Flap Pockets, 4 button Cuff. Made in the finest Sparling material from **5 Gns.**



Durability

Two-Seater, with Dickey, **£335**

Four-Seater Touring Car, **£345**

Durability in the Bean sense means years of unfailing service and consistently high road performance. That is because the Bean is made from the finest materials obtainable. Its low cost is merely incidental to advanced manufacturing methods. Study the Bean chassis. See how every working part is amply strong, yet light enough to ensure absence of excessive weight. It is this happy balance of the Bean that results in its striking economy in running, its all-round high efficiency and its remarkable roadworthiness. And it is a British Car.

STAND No. 99
Olympia Motor Show

Some Facts about the Bean.

Four-speed gear-box, right hand gate control. Side-curtains to open with the doors. Spare wheel and tyre. Dunlop cords, 30 in. x 3½ in., last 8 000 miles. Petrol averages 30 m.p.g. Electric lighting and starting equipment. All tools and accessories, including speedometer, mileage recorder, electric horn, dash lamp, jack and tyre pump, registration number plates. Tax £12.

The Leader of its Class

The 11·9 BEAN

For complete range of models and prices, and name of nearest agent, write:

A. HARPER, SONS & BEAN, Ltd.
(Estab. 1826.)
HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS: DUDLEY, WORCS.
London Showrooms & Export Dept.: 11a, Regent St., S.W.1
'Phone: Gerrard 7672-3.
'Grams: "Salobean, Piccy, London."

MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

YESTERDAY (October 9) the B.P. motor spirit gathered together quite a crowd of notable motorists at the Royal Automobile Club, and then transferred them by the "magic carpet" to Persia, where the crude oil comes from. Having demonstrated the richness of the crude, the British Petroleum Company, who are the distributing organisation of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and the "genii" on this occasion, "wafted" us to Llandarcy, in South Wales, where the crude oil is refined, sparing no expense to ensure its high grade and uniformity of specific gravity. Having done its best to demonstrate that the British Public is B.P. and that B.P. spirit is the best petrol for the B.P., the "genii" held forth on the pains taken to ensure that no dilution of the "best petrol" can take place between its flow from the stills in Wales and the tanks of the cars it fills.

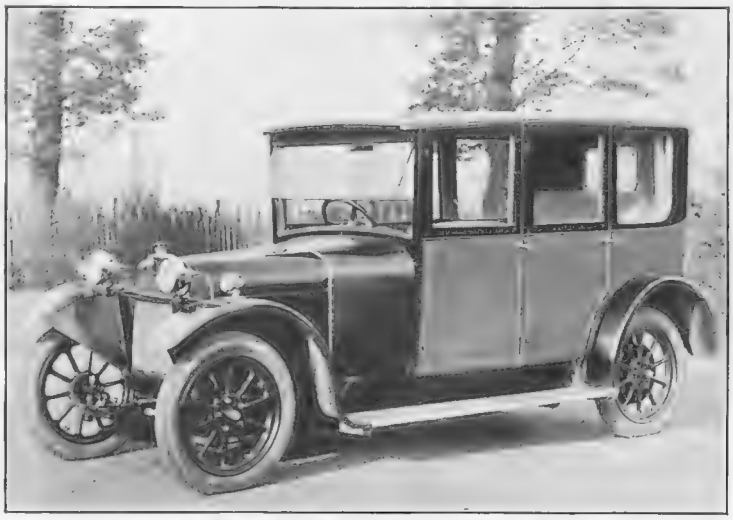
* * *

RUSTON AND HORNSBY, LTD., write and inform me that in view of the very excellent reports received from their customers and the trade generally as to the behaviour of the new Ruston engine, they have decided to concentrate during the coming 1924 season on making the Ruston "Sixteen" and "Twenty" models. Each model will be in two classes. Thus the Ruston 16 h.p. standard model costs £450 complete, with C.A.V. electric lighting and starting outfit, electric horn, Dunlop cord tyres, spare wheel and tyre, luggage grid, rigid type side curtains, and outside hood, inspection lamp on dashboard, combined air choke and silencer for carburetter. The 16 h.p. *de luxe* model has all the above equipment, but with the addition of rear windscreen, complete with scuttle apron, spring gaiters, windscreen wipers, clock, number plates, licence holder, and petrol gauge, the price inclusive being £475. And so for the Ruston 20 h.p., the standard model, is priced at £550, and an additional £25 for the *de luxe* model with the extra equipment. As, however, the *de luxe* fittings are really standard necessities, if anybody asks me what is the cost of the Ruston-Hornsby cars, I shall quote the higher figure every time, and cheap at that, too.

* * *

ON Saturday (October 13) the Junior Car Club hold their annual 200 miles light car race on the Brooklands motor track, which is the final race of the 1923 season. Two classes will compete for the André Gold Cup, the fastest car to finish the 200 miles will win it. The first class, for 1,100 c.c. engines, starts at 10 a.m., with twenty entries, and the second class, for 1,500 c.c. engines, starts at 2.15 p.m. This latter category has thirty-six entrants, but whether all will run in the race is doubtful, as at the moment of writing some of the entered cars have not even been seen on the track for practising. Anyway, a fine race is promised, with Fiats as favourites in the 1,500 c.c. class, and the Salmsons the best fancied for the 1,100 c.c. prize. Brooklands opens at 8.30 a.m., so it is going to be an early day for the enthusiasts.

OLD HY.



LIGHTNESS THAT MEANS STRENGTH

A Talbot car fitted with the Weymann coachwork similar to that described in these notes on p. 148. This new departure in coachwork is not only much lighter than the old-fashioned types, but reduces all rattling and shocks to an absolute minimum

"Take a peg of John Begg!"

By Appointment since 1843.

This matured fine old Scotch Whisky has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for more than seventy years.

A "hole in one" is a Bottle of John Begg every time.

JOHN BEGG, LTD., 64, Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

106, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

Series of Old English Songs
No. 6.

The

"THREE CASTLES"

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

W. D. & H. O. WILLS
BRISTOL & LONDON

TRADE MARK

The
JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN

And did you not hear of a
jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars bridge
used for to ply,
And he feathered his oars
with such skill & dexterity,
Winning each heart and
delighting each eye.
He looked so neat & row'd
so steadily,
The maidens all flocked
in his boat so readily.

The Cigarette with the Pedigree

T.C.83A.

This Advertisement is issued by the Imperial Tobacco Company (Of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited for the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland and by the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited for export.

By Royal Appointment to their Majesties the King & Queen

ROWE
OF BOND STREET

CLOTHES
for
YOUNG MEN, YOUNG LADIES
SCHOOL BOYS, SCHOOL GIRLS
and
CHILDREN OF KINDERGARTEN AGE.

Wm ROWE & Co Ltd
105-106, NEW BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1.

CURRENT FEATURE
Better Boys & Girls Shoes

HENRY MAYER
PARIS

OF GOOD REPUTE
IN ALL THE OLD-WORLD CAPITALS

"MALVINA" in Silver or Gold Tissue, Brocade or Satin, etc., with straps of silver or gold kid. Similar models in leathers for street wear.

HENRY MAYER *Models are stocked by all the leading houses in London and throughout the country, but ladies will obtain the name of the nearest dealer by writing to*

31 EASTCASTLE ST., LONDON, W.1.

M9 Lavenby

DEAF

Why use ANY other AID when the BEST OF ALL is so easily obtainable?

Do you think that such wonderfully organised institutions as the Royal Free and London Hospitals, with the eminent specialists attached to them, would use The AcoustiCON **exclusively**, if it were not THE VERY BEST AID TO HEARING? Likewise, would the AcoustiCON be recommended by more **LEADING EAR SPECIALISTS** than ALL OTHER AIDS COMBINED if it were not positively the best? Again, would it be THE **ONLY** HEARING aid holding **A GOLD MEDAL** presented by ROYALTY if it were not the best of all? Would **HALF A MILLION** DEAF PEOPLE wear it, hundreds of times the number wearing all other aids combined, if it had not been proved to be incomparably THE best? Lastly, would the **LEADING MEDICAL JOURNALS** PRAISE it if it were not the wonderful instrument it is? For 24 YEARS The AcoustiCON has held the PREMIER POSITION. The latest model embodies EVERY FEATURE discovered by science to help the deaf. It is a marvellously ingenious ALL VULCANITE, light and inconspicuous instrument: with its **EXCLUSIVE NON-HEAD ATTACHMENT** it is as invisible as rimless glasses. It can be "tuned in" to suit all degrees of deafness. Costs a negligible sum to maintain, and will last a lifetime. The

GENUINE ACOUSTICON REGISTERED
Note last syllable—

is the ORIGINAL genuine aid, each model of which is stamped with the name ACOUSTICON — YOUR GUARANTEE.

If you cannot CALL FOR A FREE TRIAL, write for particulars of 'mail test and fitting.

The ONLY aid to hearing worn by The Rt Hon. W. H. Hughes, ex Premier of Australia.

GENERAL ACOUSTICS
18 Hanover St., Regent St., London. W.1
19, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh; 14, St. Anne's Square, Manchester; 66a, Bold Street, Liverpool; County Chambers, Corporation Street, Birmingham; 75 Buchanan Street, Glasgow; 8, Park Place, Cardiff; 42, Barrack Street, Dundee.

Treasures!

Early in the coming Season the Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen will be reopened and the favoured ones of the world will meet in Egypt to pay homage to an ancient Pharaoh. Relics that are priceless and beautiful beyond conception have already been unearthed. Small wonder that this stupendous discovery, added to the eternal charm of Egypt, will draw visitors from all quarters.

SEE TO IT THAT YOU ARE NOT LATE.

Tourists may enjoy special cheap facilities for visiting Luxor and Assuan during November and December when the weather is most perfect.

Particulars of fares, tariffs, etc., of all principal Travel Bureaux and Tourist Agencies. Write for "Egypt and the Sudan," a copiously illustrated brochure, free on application to Egypt Promotion Association, 9, Quality Court, Chancery Lane, W.C.2, or P.O. 990, Cairo.

EGYPT — THE ETERNAL WONDERLAND

THE
BYSTANDER
Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4

No. 1,036.—Vol. LXXX. Wednesday, October 10, 1923 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Gerrard 36.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

HAMPTON & SONS,
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DEVON.

Delightful Country.
BETWEEN AXMINSTER AND THE COAST.
MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

FOR SALE, A MOST CHARMING COTTAGE RESIDENCE, with thatched roof of old-world character and of a type seldom in the market. Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, PLEASURE GROUNDS, KITCHEN GARDEN, PADDOCK, etc., in all about 2¾ ACRES now being laid out.

ABOUT 3½ MILES FROM SEA AND GOLF. FISHING.

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (C.25350a)

ESSEX HIGHLANDS.

On the outskirts of a village unspoiled by the march of time. 310 ft. above sea level, with full Southern aspect.
HUNTING. GOLF. SHOOTING AVAILABLE.

A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE RESIDENCE, with pretty drive, and containing: lounge hall of character, 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom and offices.

MANY ROOMS SHOW OAK BEAMS IN CEILING AND WALLS.

Stabling and garage.

ENTICING GARDENS of great beauty, productive kitchen garden, and meadowland, in all about 2 ACRES.

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1 mile from Worcester (Shrub Hill Station), whence Paddington may be reached in about 2¼ hours.
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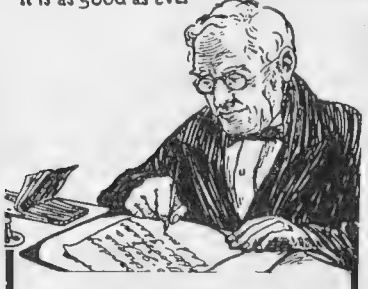

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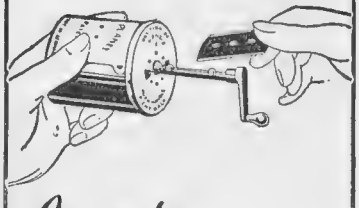

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and WE GUARANTEE your safety razor blade is made sharper than when new.

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Every safety razor user should save those shillings spent on new blades and invest in a "Planet," which will last a lifetime and give a lifetime's satisfaction.

PROOF Send six used blades that have not been honed or stropped with 1½d. stamp for return postage to W. & B., 54, Aldermanbury, E.C.

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The Morny Complexion Powders are preferred by elegant women the world over for their exceptional absorbent qualities and fineness of texture.

They have been elaborated after prolonged study of the requirements of the modern toilette, and represent the last word in this important item of everyday use.

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PERFUMED "CHAMINADE," "MYSTÉRIEUSE," or "JUNE ROSES."

In Gilt Bronze Case, with puff and mirror 3/6
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Refill in Card Case, with puff only, for either of the above 2/-

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By Appointment

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The "Yvonne"

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JUMPER IN ARTIFICIAL SILK KNIT

Designed on practical lines, yet combining grace and smartness in the long roll collar and sleeves and the swathed girdle at waist. All self colours: In Ivory, Black, Navy, Saxe, Silver Grey, Beige, Sand, Marron, and Mole.

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We pay Carriage to all addresses in British Isles.

——TIME TO PUT THEM ON.

Close to winter now, sharp of a morning, really chilly at night. Clearly it is time to put them on. The cosy comfortable underwear garments that winter demands.

"ENDURO"

is *the* Pure Wool underwear which completely meets your needs in cold weather.

Warm yet light, easy fitting and unshrinkable, Enduro offers exclusive improvements in shape, style and finish, is Hawick made, British from Shearer to Wearer and carries a comprehensive guarantee in Wash and Wear.

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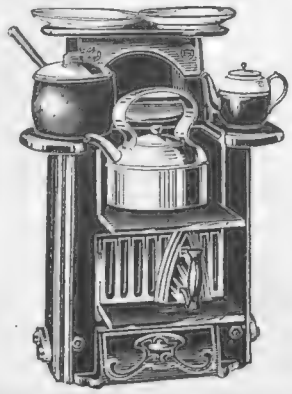

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The Domestikatum Boiler

supplies plentiful hot water for baths, washing-up, etc., provision being made for doing all cooking except oven baking. The "Domestikatum" has hobs for warming plates and dishes, and also gives a cosy open fire when required. Its upkeep cost is infinitesimal. Attractive in appearance, and easy to manage. Write to-day for particulars and name of the nearest retailer.

JONES & ATTWOOD, Ltd.,
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For a quick good shave

there's nothing to beat the business-like sweep of the Kropp, the razor which by reason of its keen cutting edge shaves comfortably and easily without effort.

BLACK HANDLE, 10/6. IVORY HANDLE, 18/-.
EVERY KROPP RAZOR IS PACKED IN A CASE.
From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, etc.
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Your Colour

YOUR sense of the fact that there is somewhere in the world a shade of colour, which, above anything else, expresses *you*, can probably be gratified by one of 26 shades offered for your delight in

TAMBORINA

The Beautiful Lawn for Beautiful Lingerie

Until you have seen *all* the different colours of Tamborina Lawn and Tamborina Nainsook you have not done justice to your beauty. They come from a Manchester house of 175 years' reputation. Tamborina Lawn, 26 shades, 42 inches wide. Tamborina Nainsook, 17 shades, 40 inches wide.

At one price 1/6½ *a yard*

Ask your Draper for "Tamborina," or send for *Free Patterns*

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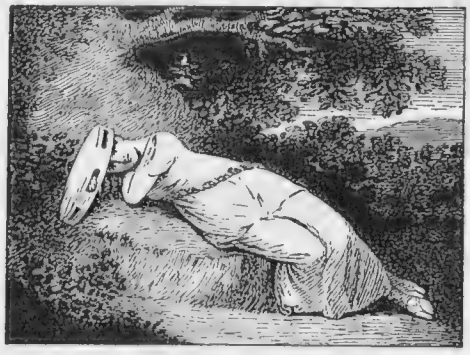

Adam Buck, a native of Cork, from whose famous picture the name "Tamborina" was originally adopted, exhibited at the Royal Academy between 1795 and 1833. A collection of his drawings, engraved by himself, was published in 1812, containing 100 plates.

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

YOUR PRIDE in the children is intensified as you see them off to Park, School, or Sports—each boy and girl perfectly turned out with the quiet, distinctive good taste that is the hall-mark of Gooch clothing.

Whatever the need you can rely upon Goochs for clothes of recognized style, reliability, and moderate price. Order any of these examples, or send a note of requirements.

For the convenience of new customers, accounts are opened on receipt of the usual trade references. Catalogues free.

No. 1—CONISTON

A garment which buttons to the throat—for quite young children. Ready to wear in superior Blanket Cloth in Saxe, Camel, Grey, and White, 2½ to 6 years.
First Size, 46/-
Rising 2/- each size.

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Double breasted, with belt at back and inverted pleat from the waist. In Grey, Brown, and Lovat Tweeds, also in hand-woven Harris Tweed 4 to 8 years.
Tweeds First Size, 46/-, 50/, 64/-
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A smart, single breasted model with an attractive belted back. Excellently tailored in specially selected Tweeds. In Grey, Heather Mixture, Fawn, and Plain Brown.
First Size 48/- 63/-
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A charming Gooch design—excellently tailored in good quality Tweed, and Fawn faced cloth.

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Fawn Tweeds Mixtures - -	48/-
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Rising 2/- each size.

The Gooch Fashion Salons show the latest in Ladies' Dress. Inspection is welcomed.

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The NESTON Model

A hat that will look smart in town or country. It is a fine quality velour, of beautifully soft and lustrous pile. In very many colours, some bright and some neutral. In all sizes.

Price 42/-

Jay Hats are distinguished by a small label inside —a picture of a Jay. The best milliners everywhere have a Jay Hat to suit you.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining a Jay Hat, write direct to

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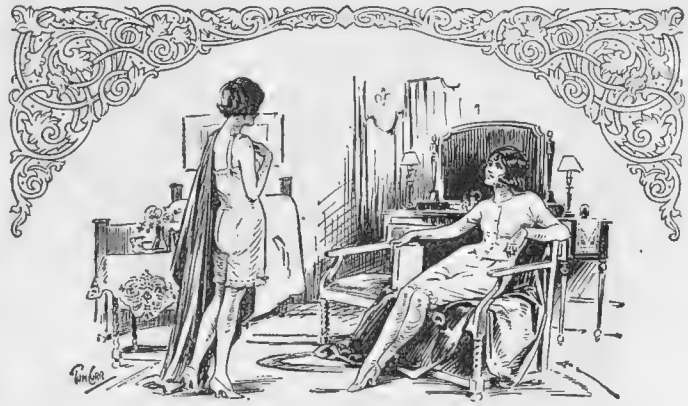

FASCINATION

PUT doctors' advice concerning underwear aside, disregard custom and experience and in all probability you will still find yourself buying Pesco Underwear for Autumn and Winter.

"Pesco" is all that doctors recommend and everything experience proves necessary. Yet it has such infinite charm of quality, outline and embellishment that it is irresistible for its own sake.

Our grandmothers, while paying lip service to that stale crust "utilitarianism," doubtless wore red flannel because they liked it, and ladies of to-day, feeling the spell and fascination of Pesco, may safely follow them in a corresponding exercise of personal taste.

PURE WOOL or SILK and WOOL

ASK FOR "PESCO"—SCOTCH AND BEST

PESCO is obtainable from Drapers and Hosiers everywhere in every underwear shape, for Ladies, Gentlemen & Children also in Hosiery & Sports Wear in the latest designs and colourings.

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TRADE MARK

UNSHRINKABLE PESCO FINISH

For Infants & young Children Pesco Baby Wear is recommended and is obtainable in Bands, Stay Bands, Vests, Pilches, Knickers, Strapped Stay Bodices, Petticoats, Long and Short Flannels & Nightgowns.

Every garment guaranteed unshrinkable. In case of difficulty write to the makers for names of the nearest agents

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Beautiful Hair

There was never yet a head of hair that the

EVAN WILLIAMS Original Henna Shampoo

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Of all Chemists and Hairdressers.

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THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.

At all Chemists

4s. 6d. a tin

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Coats of "Hassan"-like Splendour

THE afternoon after my first visit to that beautiful play at His Majesty's, I called at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, and for a brief moment almost confounded the two places. Was I dreaming of the room with moving walls, or just gazing at coats as artistic in colouring and expression as the clothes worn by the characters in Flecker's Eastern play? I awoke to find a quiet, refined voice, saying, "This is of black face cloth, and you see the silk design is worked in wild flower colourings." And I looked and coveted exceedingly, observing how the embroidery of this long coat dwindled off into little scattered posies; there were, too, collar and cuffs of seal coney, and a beauteous *doublure* of crêpe de Chine.

Black face cloth is obviously regarded in these *salons* as the ideal background for parti-coloured Eastern embroideries, since in yet another case it served to set off a marvellous woven design that was raised like the pile of a carpet. This model has a decided *flair* achieved through the medium of a deep-shaped flounce, encrusted with embroidery, and mounted in graceful curved lines, the sleeves picking up the same idea in immensely wide extensions, gathered in just below the elbow, a narrow, fling-over scarf and cuffs of moleskin finishing a supremely *recherché* wrap.

Embroidered effects, however, do not by any means entirely usurp the whole situation here; there are many coats of velours, especially the jacquard quality, the example pictured recalling crocodile leather in a curious cold shade of green, a sort of subdued almond. The fashioning is replete with skill and modishness, the flat, plain back allied to a subtly flounced front. Especially novel are the sleeves, similarly flounced and lined with pulled chapelle, a fur that is repeated at the neck. Lined through with soft grey satin the price is 29½ guineas; but there are plain velour coats ranging from 6 guineas, really smart little models that have pleated sides and a general air of quiet, exclusive distinction, and there is also a wonderful chiffon velvet evening cloak at 12½ guineas, a wrap that in an exhaustive selection of fashionable colours is arranged with a very deep full flounce set on with small organ pleats, and a great bolster collar posed low at the back so that it stands out and well away from the head.

AN EASTERN TOUCH

This long coat of velour in a shade of green similar to subdued almond, combines a flat, plain back with a flounced front. The sleeves are similarly flounced and lined with pulled chapelle. The coat, which is lined throughout with soft grey satin, is one of the models to be seen at Messrs. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W.

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

The Fine Artistry of the Furrier

FURS of rich, handsome appearance are by no means always synonymous these days with a Rolls-Royce, and the like luxuries. For the furrier to-day is a great artist, and no matter whether he is handling real sable or sable-dyed squirrel gives each the same close attention, and at the moment he is particularly *épris* of the long, slim line, which is most successfully achieved in such qualities as mink, squirrel and Persian lamb rather than in the longer-haired skins.

A Covetable Grey Squirrel Wrap

ONE of the sensations of the season is the favour accorded squirrel. This one-time humble little animal, more often relegated to linings rather than exteriors, has jumped into popularity, and its success is the more assured when one finds it figuring in such a *galère* of elegant models as are to be found at The Grafton Fur Stores, 164, New Bond Street, W., whose *salons* are responsible for the pictured example of a loose, easy wrap with sleeves emerging magyar-wise out of the body part. A model, too, that is completed by the last word in modish ruffled collars, and a sumptuous lining of grey crepy silk. The skins employed are exceptionally fine, and especially picked to maintain throughout the same delicate grey hue, a fact that, combined with a meticulous finish, renders the price, £180, exceedingly moderate.

IN GREY SQUIRREL

The above coat, from the *salons* of the Grafton Fur Stores, 164, New Bond St., W., is the last word in modishness. It is a loose, easy wrap of grey squirrel, the sleeves emerging magyar-wise out of the body part, and is lined with grey crepy silk. The skins are exceptionally fine and are especially picked to maintain throughout the delicate grey hue

Sketched by "Beta"

It is impossible in a word picture to describe the adroit modelling of a sheath-fitting long coat of black Persian lamb. Falling in a straight, unbroken line from shoulder to hem, at the back the fronts cross over to close with a handsome, albeit severe, jet clasp, low down at the left-hand side, the whole presenting the approved mummy-like

appearance. At the hem there comes a deep flounce of silky black monkey fur, a similar narrow fringe edging the small, close up-and-down collar. The *doublure* is an exquisite brocade of black satin, interwoven with a glittering gold metal thread, and brocaded over in a delicate floral design in soft colourings. Other Persian lamb coats of like character being variously trimmed with kolinski, sable, squirrel and skunk.

That apparently recently discovered animal, the sable-hued skunk, hailing from South America, finds a prominent place in these *salons*. Less costly than the North American black skunk, this is infinitely better adapted to the fashioning of coats, the skins worked to effect arresting line, as is evidenced in a short model that has a loose cape back, the skins disposed in curves to accentuate the silhouette. Completed by a high, draped collar, it is a model again most reasonably priced at £85; a full-length wrap of the like pelt coming out at £130, a creation that is lined through with sable-coloured satin, very broadly striped in lacquer red.

Worked horizontally is a beautiful cloak of sable-dyed squirrel, an ideal wrap for an older woman, while for younger wearers there is a choice of the dearest little moleskin coatees ranging from £30, and for useful knockabout service, a black antelope long coat, trimmed grey fur, and piped grey leather appeals persuasively as both practical and original.

FOR TOWN WEAR

A quiet Chesterfield overcoat, modelled by Kenneth Durward, of Conduit Street, W. With fly-front and regulation just-below-the-knee length this overcoat, which is eminently suited for the professional or man-about-town, is built in vicunas, angolas and nap cloths

Messieurs, Your Kind Attention

A LITTLE out of my usual line of country, and, greatly daring, I am venturing into the realms of men's clothing; but since my authority for so doing is none other than the old and world-renowned house of Kenneth Durward, Conduit Street, my rôle is merely that of a mouthpiece; though almost I was persuaded to wish I were a man, and so privileged to wear some of the splendid materials exclusively designed and woven for this firm—the vicunas, angolas, naps and Scotch cheviots, and in particular a unique soft nap in black and sombre tones, woven with an effective checked back. This for the ulster type of overcoat, suitable for travelling, winter motoring, driving to meets, and so on.

A model that never dates and never goes out of fashion is a double-breasted overcoat designed for country wear, a free, easy fitting garment for which there is a steady demand year in and year out, built in fleece, cheviots, naps, plaid, or with the reversible checked or plaid backs. A similar type of overcoat, with a single-breasted front, in Scotch cheviots only commencing at 6 guineas, and there is a range of this model, ready to be stepped into, to fit any figure. Naturally, however, the largest trade done here is in bespoke orders, for the majority of men are notoriously fastidious, and are still averse to buying off the peg.

In the matter of sports suits Kenneth Durward bows to none. What they say, goes, and it is, therefore, of interest

(Continued on page x)

Before Treatment.

Smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day.

After Treatment.

REJUVENATED.

BY a most remarkable method which is completely upsetting any and all of the hitherto known and practised treatments for the rejuvenation of the features, I positively remove the loose skin from around the eyes, and I restore to the sagging cheeks the contour of youth in a few days. This method which I have personally evolved during my fifteen years' practice in London and abroad, is based on approved scientific principles and facts; it is the only one which permanently restores Youth and Beauty to the face.

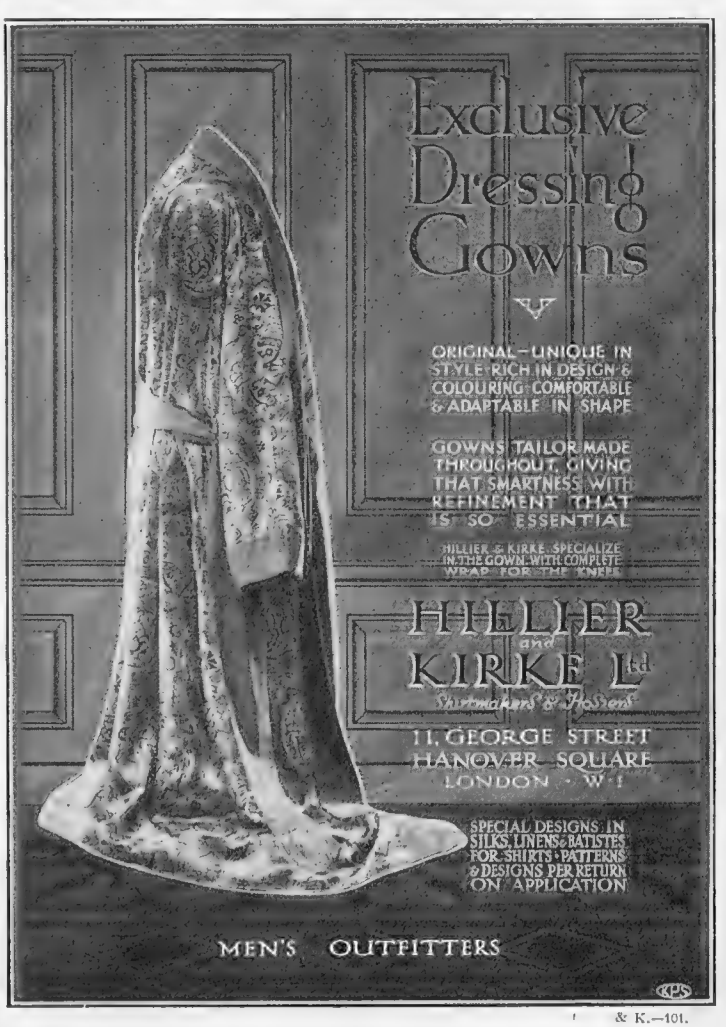
In London alone I have successfully treated over six thousand Clients. The actual results which my method produces on the Face can be seen at my Consulting Rooms daily from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Consultations are free and without any obligation. Ladies who are unable to call are invited to correspond on the subject.

HYSTOGÈNE

40, BAKER ST., PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

'Phone: Mayfair 5846.

Established 1910. *Hours from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.*



& K.—101.

NEW YORK & SOUTH AMERICA

Regular Passenger Services to NEW YORK

from SOUTHAMPTON and CHERBOURG by the famous "O" Steamers.

SOUTH AMERICA

From SOUTHAMPTON by the "A" Steamers and from LIVERPOOL by the "O" and "D" Steamers.

TOURS ROUND SOUTH AMERICA

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY, Atlantic House, Moorgate, E.C.2 and America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1.

THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, Goree, Water Street, Liverpool

THE ROYAL MAIL AND PACIFIC LINES

"Well, I will," said Aunty, when she saw how it sparkled—"though you know I never—". She sipped and sipped again. "As I was going to say, I never refuse good things." And the dear soul insisted on knowing the name of the wine. Of course it was "Big Tree" Sparkling Muscatel.

"Big Tree" Sparkling Muscatel is, and always has been, a French Wine. Made in exactly the same way as Champagne, it is the pure juice of finest grapes, naturally matured in bottle many years. It is the favourite Sparkling Muscatel—not too dry, yet not over sweet.

BIG TREE SPARKLING MUSCATEL

"Big Tree" is the soundest value in Sparkling Muscatel. Order it with confidence from hotel or restaurant wine lists and for use at home.

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By Appointment to H.M. the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

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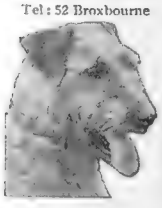

Lieut-Col. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES

Specially Trained against BURGLARS for LADIES' GUARDS

From 10 Gns. Pups 5 Gns.

Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts

30 mins. from Liverpool Street

Majestic Hotel

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The most modern hotel on the Riviera—160 rooms with running hot and cold water—50 rooms with bathroom—two lifts—overlooks the public gardens and is very close to the municipal Casino. Open from the 10th October to the end of May. Write for tariff to the proprietors, Majestic Hotel, Menton, France.

ALPINE SPORTS, LIMITED.

Chairman: SIR HENRY LUNN.

BEST HOTELS, BRITISH CLIENTELE AND CONTROL.

PONTRESINA, MURREN. MORGINS.

The Three Best Winter Resorts in the Alps.

Plans and full particulars from The Secretary, 5R, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.1. 2R, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, W.1.

GREY HAIR HINDES HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. 2/6 the Flask, or direct, stating shade required, from

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FILMS AND PRINTS

Your films are very valuable to you and easily ruined in inexperienced hands. Send them to the cheapest and best house in the trade for

DEVELOPING & PRINTING

I will develop your spools and give you one print from each negative, either

BROWNIE No. 2 or V.P.K. for 1/-

Best work and prompt delivery guaranteed

Address to Dept. "B.R."

MARTIN CHEMIST SOUTHAMPTON

MACKIE'S Edinburgh Shortbread

for AFTERNOON TEA IS DELICIOUS BEYOND WORDS

Sample Tin by Post for 5/-

J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.

Purveyors of Rusks and Shortbread to H.M. the King

107 Princes Street, Edinburgh

Meltis (Regd.) Orchard Fruits

Our advice to You, is,—always use HURCULACES in your Boots & Shoes

HURCULACES THE LACE WITH THE EXTRA LONG WEAR

MADE IN MANY VARIETIES For LADIES, GENTS CHILDRENS, BOOTS & SHOES in ALL POPULAR SHADES

STOCKED BY THE LEADING BOOT SHOPS, DRAPERS, OUTFITTERS

FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded*)

to learn of the slightly shortened character of Plus Fours. Speaking as a mere woman, I should say this is a move in the right direction. Plus Eights would better describe the recently worn long knickerbockers. Then the materials employed for these suits, well, they are beyond me to describe, superb in quality, colouring and patternings, the only fault to be found is the bewildering plethora of choice. At the same time the attentions of the firm are not wholly concentrated on country habiliments, they aree qually *a t fait* and omnipotent in Town wear, as may be judged by the overcoat illustrated on page viii. Essentially for the professional or man-about-Town is this quiet Chesterfield model, with its fly-front and regulation just-below-the-knee length, which Kenneth Durward is building in vicunas, angolas and nap cloths. It is, I quote their authority, right in every particular, and for the rest—the cut, workmanship and finish—has the hall-mark ot Kenneth Durward!

Dress Parades

Two more of these events of particularly important interest were held last week. At the Maison Arthur, 17-18, Dover Street, W., the new and beautiful *salons* were opened with a *diner froid* for representatives of the Press. It was a unique occasion in which wonderful clothes vied with delectable viands and excellent champagne, and it speaks volumes for the former that they claimed first attention. The impress of Paris was clearly apparent in the majority of the models, that unmistakable note of sumptuousness with simplicity, though in close rivalry came others emanating from the firm's own clever designer.

Embroidery was the outstanding feature, exclusive alike in colouring and design, and it was to be especially noted how much attention is being accorded sleeves, and the important place allotted to magnificent evening wraps.

A CUP WORTH WINNING

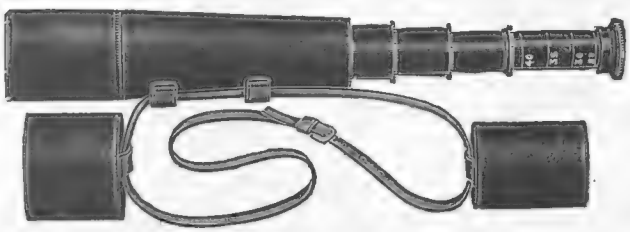
The Challenge Cup designed and produced by Messrs. Harrods, Ltd., Knightsbridge, for the Wolsey Underwear Company, of Leicester. It is to be presented, together with a cheque for £200, for the most effective window display of Wolsey and Rameses Underwear

At Harrods

House packed to capacity at once betokened the high esteem in which this firm is held, and the powers that rule here, with splendid prescience, had fortunately arranged two days for their display of autumn and winter models, otherwise many more would have gone away disappointed.

Organised, staged, and dressed by a masterly hand or hands, Harrods show is not one to be easily forgotten. The method employed of arranging everything in sections was capital, a plan aided by a programme indicating the character of each as it came along. Thus, a "Dream of Fair Fabrics" heralded in a pageant of brocaded tissues, a procession headed by a tall *mannequin* wearing a modern gold tissue evening toilette, on Eastern lines, and an amazing gold *pagode* headdress, nearly a yard high, completed by four trains of prodigious length, held by small attendants in Eastern tunics, tight long trousers, and turbans of gold tissue, with flame-coloured sashes. This retinue, as it passed, held one breathless, and it was followed by models for all occasions, and included many sumptuous furs, to which were attached such awe-inspiring names as Jean Patou, Molyneux, Drecoll, Beer, Hallé, etc.

SURPLUS WAR STORES.



THE "TARGET"

HIGH POWER TELESCOPE

For Gameshooting, Deerstalking, Astronomical, Marine and General Use.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

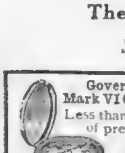
A Portable Telescope with Pancratic Eyepiece giving magnifying powers of **25, 30, 35** and **40** diameters by adjustment of first tube. It has a 2¼ in. Object Glass, Leather-covered Body, Caps and Sling. Closes to 11 in. PRICE **£6 10 0.** Postage and insurance free.

These Telescopes are made throughout in our own factory in London from parts left over from our War contracts for the Ministry of Munitions.

We are selling at this remarkable price to clear up stock.

The cheapest telescope of its class in the world.

Send for Illustrated Price List No. 9 B Post Free



Government Mark VI Compasses
Less than one-third of pre-war price.
Size 1¾ in. Weight 1¾ ozs.
Watch size, Nickel case Pocket Compass with luminous radium points and direction line for night reading. 4/6 post free.

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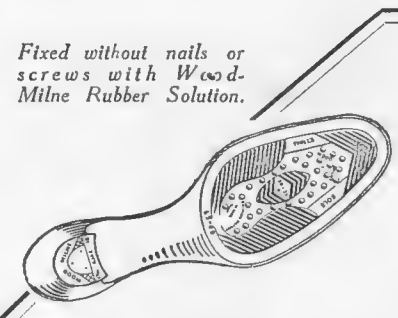
Trade Mark

Fixed without nails or screws with Wood-Milne Rubber Solution.



"Thills" are the neatest of Rubber Soles for smart footwear. Durable, resilient and practically invisible when fixed, they keep the shoe smart and shapely and give delightful ease and buoyancy to the tread.

WOOD-MILNE
"THILL"
RUBBER SOLES

with "Ajax" leather centre (non-slipping) heels or with Cuban or Louis Heels to conform with the style of footwear.

Sold and fixed by all West End and other Bootmen.

See the "O.B" brand woven in the corner of all Tablecloths and Napkins.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

Periodically, every woman examines her store of Household Linens, and makes good any deficiencies.

When renewing your supply of Household Linens ask for "Old Bleach." In buying them, you ensure that you get the only real value, that of quality.

These linens are bleached on the grass by the old gentle methods, and repay a hundredfold by their beauty and the length of service they give.

See the stamp "Old Bleach" on every yard.

Obtainable from all high-class Drapers and Stores. If any difficulty, write to Randalstown for name of nearest agent.

Send for *The Embroideress*, the most beautiful needlework periodical published. COLOUR ILLUSTRATIONS. Obtainable quarterly from all good needlework shops, or direct from us: Annual subscription Post Free 4/8. Single copies 1/2 — Post Free

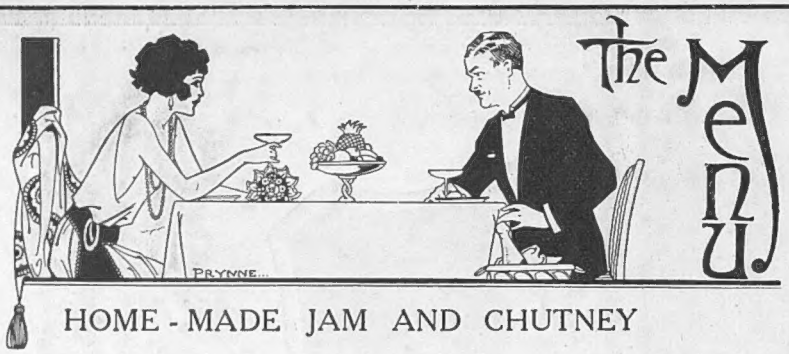
"OLD BLEACH" *Regd. Trade Mark*

PURE IRISH HOUSEHOLD LINENS

Made only by the

"OLD BLEACH" LINEN CO., LTD., RANDALSTOWN, NORTHERN IRELAND

Makers of 'Old Bleach' Table Damasks, Face Towels, Embroidery and Bed Linens



HOME-MADE JAM AND CHUTNEY

BLACKBERRY AND APPLE JAM
CRAB-APPLE JELLY
VEGETABLE MARROW JAM
RIPE TOMATO CHUTNEY
GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

Blackberry and Apple Jam

FIVE pounds of blackberries, 3 lbs. of apples, ¾ lb. of sugar to every 1 lb. of fruit, and half a pint of water. Put the blackberries, the apples, peeled and cored, and 1 lb. of sugar into a stewpan, and let it stew gently until the fruit is quite soft, then strain through a cloth, and to every 1 lb. of pulp put ¾ lb. of sugar. Let it boil one and a half hours.

Crab-Apple Jelly

There is a plentiful supply of crab-apples this autumn, and they can be made into very nice jelly for dessert. Take off the stalks, weigh and wash the crab-apples, then to each 1½ lbs. add a pint of water, and boil them gently until they are broken, but do not let them boil to a pulp. Pour the whole into a jelly-bag, and when the juice is quite transparent, weigh it, put it into a clean preserving-pan, boil it quickly for fifteen minutes, take it from the fire, and stir in it until dissolved ¾ lb. of preserving sugar to each 1 lb. of the juice; boil the jelly from fifteen to twenty minutes, skim it very clearly, and pour it into small moulds. The jelly should be a nice bright colour, and makes an attractive dessert dish.

Vegetable Marrow Jam

To every 5 lbs. of marrow allow 5 lbs. of sugar, the juice of two lemons, 2 ozs. of preserved ginger, and a large pinch of cayenne pepper. Put sugar and a little water to keep it from burning in the preserving-pan. When it is melted add the marrow (cut up), ginger, cayenne, and the juice of the lemons. Boil slowly for an hour or longer. The marrow looks clear when the jam is cooked.

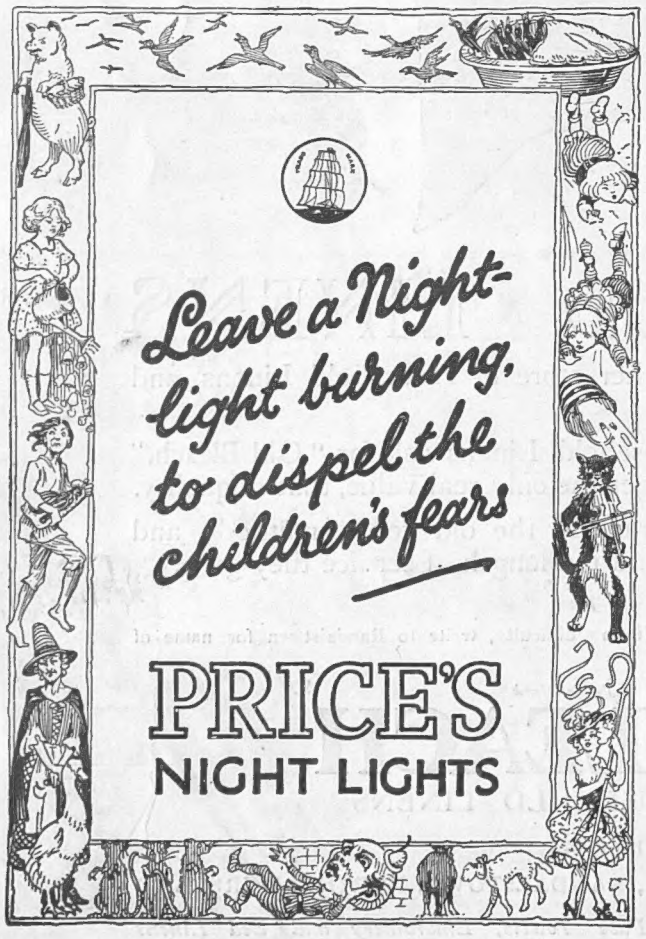
Ripe Tomato Chutney

To every 1 lb. of pulp allow one gill of vinegar, a ¼ oz. of salt black pepper and garlic, ½ oz. of chopped shallot, as much cayenne as will lie on a threepenny-piece, and the juice of a large lemon. Put the tomatoes in a baking-dish and cook in the oven till they are soft, then rub through a sieve. Measure the pulp and other ingredients, and put them all (except the lemon-juice) into an enamel-lined pan. Cook slowly for half an hour, then strain again. Add the lemon-juice and cook (if possible using a double saucepan) for six hours. It will then be a delicious chutney, of the consistency of thick cream. When quite cold, bottle and store for future use.

Green Tomato Chutney

Ingredients: 4 lbs. of tomatoes, 2 lbs. of apples, 2 ozs. of crushed mustard seeds, ¼ lb. of salt, ½ oz. of chillies, 2 ozs. of garlic, 3 ozs. of root ginger, 2 lbs. of Demerara sugar, 1 lb. of sultanas, two quarts of vinegar. Peel and slice the tomatoes, peel and core the apples, crush the mustard seed, peel and mince the garlic, shred the chillies with scissors, scrape the ginger, pick over and clean the sultanas. Put all into a preserving-pan, and boil till of a good consistency for chutney. Put into hot jars. Cover with air-tight coverings and store for use.

EMILIA



Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

ATTRACTIVE KNITTED JUMPER OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

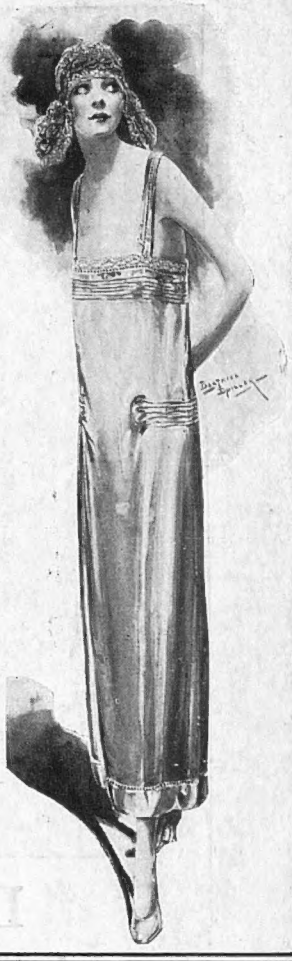
Hand-Knitted Jumper *(as sketch) made from best quality artificial silk in cross-over shape, with full-length sleeves, suitable for slight or full figure. A practical and becoming shape in a large range of colours.*

PRICE **94/6**

Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, *hand-embroidered corner and edged real Valenciennes lace,* **3/6** *each.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

INEXPENSIVE WASHING SATIN PRINCESS PETTICOATS



For many years we have made a special study of Lingerie and have a world-wide reputation for the style, character and finish of our Underwear. Only reliable quality materials are used, and the cut and workmanship are perfect.

PRACTICAL PRINCESS PETTICOAT (as sketch) in thoroughly reliable washing satin, an exact copy of a French model, bodice daintily trimmed with fine pin tucks and fine lace edging, finished with long waistline of tucks to match. In Pink, Sky, Ivory, Coral, Mauve, Green, Yellow, Apricot, and Black.

PRICE

35/9

Boudoir Cap trimmed with coloured leaves, **21/9.**

Sent on approval

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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

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NEW AND DISTINCTIVE LINGERIE

THE Cami-Knicker illustrated is especially charming, and being perfect in every detail cannot fail to satisfy the most fastidious taste.

NEW CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch), in rich quality crepe de Chine, long waisted bodice and new shaped skirt trimmed with fine lace, finished hemstitching and ribbon shoulder straps. In Ivory, Pink, Mauve, Coral, Black, Sky.

PRICE

39/6

Dainty Boudoir Cap composed of fine lace and ribbon.

PRICE **21/9**

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W

Sent on approval.

YOUR VOTING PAPER

Who is Our Most Popular Actor?

"The Bystander's" Great £500 Competition.

See Page 143 for Details.

I vote for the following ten actors as being my favourites.

(Fill in names below)

WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

4 _____

5 _____

6 _____

7 _____

8 _____

9 _____

10 _____

CUT NEATLY ROUND BLACK LINE.

I agree to abide by the terms and conditions of this competition as formulated by the Proprietors of "The Bystander" and to accept the decision of the Editor as final and legally binding.

Name of Voter _____

Address _____

_____

NOTE.—You may send as many voting papers as you like. They must be cut from this and succeeding issues of "The Bystander," and may be sent singly or in batches to reach us not later than December 31st. The final voting paper will appear December 26th. Get your friends to vote, or collect their voting papers and fill them in yourself. Address them to The Organiser, "Most Popular Actor Election," "The Bystander," Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. Voting papers from readers abroad must reach us not later than Jan. 10

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series

The King's Arms Royal Hotel, Godalming.

Did the Landlord Smile ?

TUDOR architects had a weakness for little flights of steps. There is one leading to the room shown in the drawing. This charming little room, which is practically unchanged since the days of Queen Bess, is associated by tradition with the Queen in a rather amusing way.

Elizabeth, so the story goes, was ascending these steps when she stumbled and fell. Perhaps she may have been troubled by public or private affairs at the time, or perhaps the landlord may have smiled at the haughty Queen's sudden loss of dignity. In any case he suffered, for we are told that she summarily deprived him of his hostelry.

Peter the Great's visit to the King's Arms became notable in a more pleasant way. At dinner, the Czar, with his party of 21, consumed five ribs of beef weighing three stone, one sheep weighing fifty pounds, three quarters of lamb, a shoulder and loin of veal boiled, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two and a half dozen sack and one dozen claret.

Peter's little bill is now preserved at the Bodleian Library, Oxford. "John Haig" does not figure among the items, but this may be due to an accidental omission on the part of the landlord. "John Haig" was well known in Peter's time. For more than three centuries this superb Scotch Whisky has been a favourite at noteworthy repasts. It is a spirit in keeping with the greatest occasions.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

THE ORIGINAL

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

By Appointment

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St. James's 17

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